THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUGUST 1, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Beginning **NUMBER 9009** By JAMES HOPPER and F. R. BECHDOLT

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to have a healthful, sanitary Home.

By Equipping with Genuine "Standard" Green and Gold Label Plumbing Fixtures

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"Why do we prefer to handle Peck-Williamson Underfeed Furnaces?

"Briefly, because they give such universal satisfaction.

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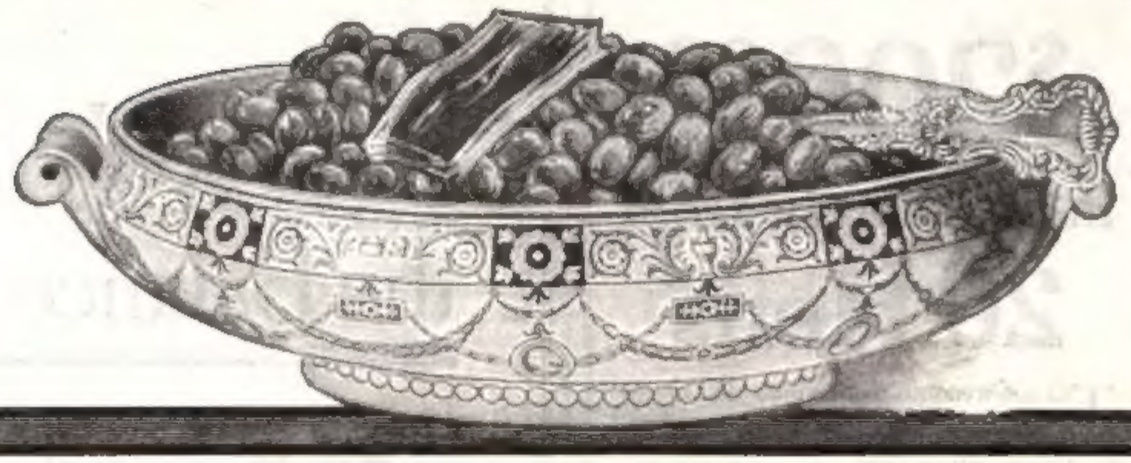

The National Dish

Van Camp's Beans may be called now the national dish. Thousands of new users begin every day, and nobody ever stops. Perhaps you will find, in half the homes of your city, that the people are eating Van Camp's.

We are now baking more beans, by several times over, than any other concern in the world.

That is one result of baking beans with which no other beans can compare.

Another result is, people are eating more beans. Where this used to be an occasional dish it is now served almost daily.

There is some great reason when a dish like this springs into such demand. That reason applies to every person, every home. For nobody wants to miss something that millions of others enjoy.

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They knew baked beans as a homely dish, mushy and broken. The top beans were crisped—the middle beans less than half baked.

That was because you baked in dry heat, and did not have heat enough. The beans were heavy and hard to digest. They would ferment on the stomach, and fermentation formed gas.

You did not eat such beans often.

Now, we have shown you how different beans are, when they are baked with all our facilities.

We bake in live steam, so that all beans are baked alike. No beans are crisped, none are broken. They are baked until they are mealy, yet they are nutty because they are whole.

We have shown you that beans are digestible when baked as we bake them. Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. The particles of the beans are so separated by heat that the digestive juices can get to them.

The result is, Van Camp's are light and digestible. They do not form gas because they do not ferment. They digest.

We have shown you, too, a delicious blend—secured by baking the pork, the tomato sauce and the beans all together.

Thus we have given to millions of people a new idea of beans.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Summer is the time of all times for eating Van Camp's Beans. Let us do the cooking, for one meal a day, while you sit out in the breeze. You'll find that our meal is the best meal of the day.

We bake these beans at less cost to you than if you baked them yourself.

But that isn't all the saving.

We are baking such beans that you eat them more often—eat them in place of meat.

And beans are Nature's choicest food. They are 84% nutriment.

They give you more food value than meat, pound for pound, and they cost but a fraction as much.

And there is nothing that people like better than beans, when baked in the Van Camp way.

But be careful to get Van Camp's.

There are beans that cost, by the bushel, only a fraction of what we pay. There is tomato sauce which sells, ready-made, for one-fifth the making cost of ours. But the dish that results is most disappointing. It cannot compare with Van Camp's.

When somebody says, "My beans are as good as Van Camp's," he is serving his interest, not yours.

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The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success,

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner. There is nothing complicated about the work, and any man or woman that can handle a saw and hammer can do the work.

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are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

Our Six Months Old Pullets Are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each Per Month

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the **Philo System of Progressive Poultry Keeping**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries with simple, easy to understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the Ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

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Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

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A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Your system of poultry keeping should appeal to all poultrymen. The advantages of your system are many, and the quality of the large flock of poultry you have raised on your city lot is the best evidence of its success.

GEO. L. HARDING, Binghamton, N. Y.

Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1907.

It was my privilege to spend a week in Elmira during August, during which time I saw the practical working of the Philo System of Poultry Keeping, and was surprised at the results accomplished in a small corner of a city yard. "Seeing is believing" they say, and if I had not seen, it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money.

(Rev.) W. W. COX.

Windsor, Vt., March 8, 1908.

I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate the best investment for the money I ever made. ROBERT L. PATRICK.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.

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(Rev.) F. B. WILLIAMS.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A°D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

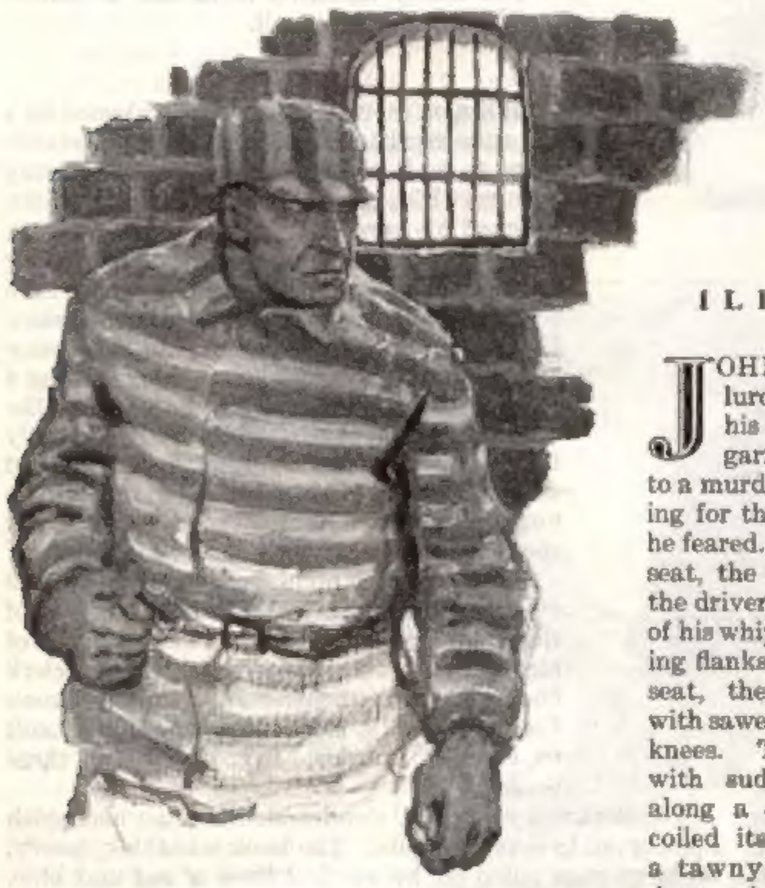
Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

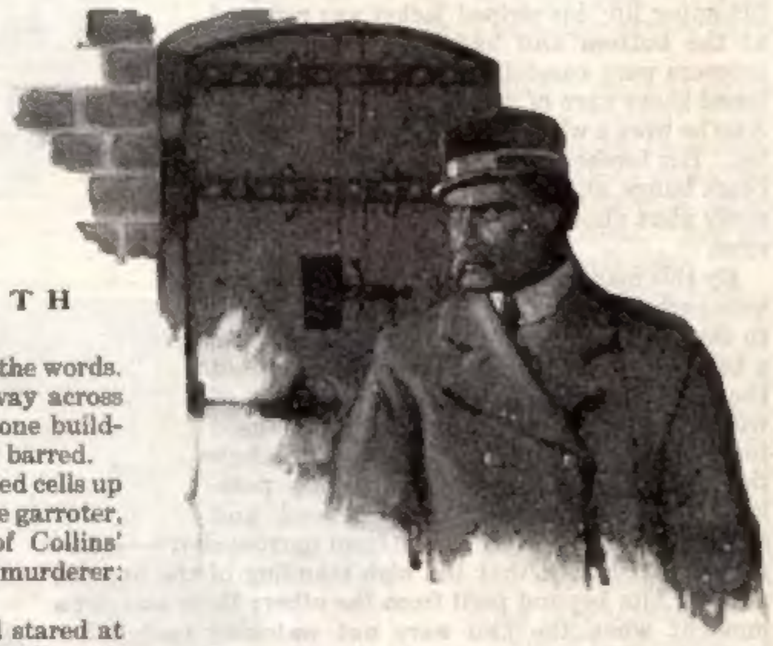
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 181 — PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1908 — Number 5

NUMBER 9009





By James Hopper and Fred. R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

I

JOHN COLLINS sat upon the lurching bench of the wagon, his right wrist linked to a garroter, his left wrist linked to a murderer; his eyes were straining for the first sight of the thing he feared. Before him, on the front seat, the sheriff gossiped lazily to the driver, who idly flicked the lash of his whip across the horses' sweating flanks. Behind, upon the back seat, the two deputies watched with sawed-off shotguns across their knees. The wagon rolled slowly, with sudden creaking pitchings, along a dust-heaped road which coiled its way to the summit of a tawny hill. To the east, far down, white flecks danced upon the bay's green waters, and from the shore breaths of wind came gliding up through the dry wild oats in long, silvery undulations. The horses gained the level and broke into a trot; the carriage plunged forward and down—and a gray wall leaped up from the ground against the sky. The murderer sucked in a whistling breath. The wall rose as they approached; it hung over them, gray and ponderous, turreted as a mediæval battlement. The garroter laughed, a harsh, braggart laugh, and pointed, raising with his arm Collins' coupled wrist. But Collins leaned forward unheeding, staring silently.

Drawing a smooth ellipse the wagon came up to a brick building jutting out like a buttress from the centre of the wall, and two steel-barred gates swung themselves open as the prisoners alighted. Flanked by the murderer and the garroter, the sheriff before him, the deputies behind, John Collins walked in. A voice spoke overhead; a blue-sleeved arm emerged from a window and drooped downward, a large iron key at the end of its stumpy fingers; from a stone bench at the entrance a stripes-clad man rose, took the key, and locked the gate. Officers and felons now stood in an arched passageway which smelled damp, like a tunnel. They were within, but Collins hardly noted the fact; he had turned his head and was watching the stripes-clad man.

He was the first convict that John Collins had ever seen. He wore a two-piece garment, coarse shoes and a visored cap. Jacket and trousers were circled by alternating bars of black and white; the cap was similarly barred from back to front. But it was not the garment that drew the attention of John Collins. It was the man's face. There was something about it—it may have been in the bloodless cheeks—something arsenical and poisonous; something glittering, too—it may have been in the eyes—something glittering, furtive and threatening. Collins could not fathom the look, but a vague discomfort, like a cold thing, slid along his spine.

Walking beneath the concrete arch, between the garroter and the murderer, linked to them with steel, he passed from beneath the spanning building into a court. On the right were several doors; at the second one was a narrow bench upon which they sat, while the sheriff unlocked the cuffs from their wrists and then with his deputies entered the turnkey's office. The murderer was breathing thickly, like a man asleep. The garroter was silent for a moment. Then he stretched forth his arms, rubbing his wrists with his hands, and laughed harshly.

"Same old mill," he cried; and then, in a jeering voice to Collins: "Yes, take yer gapins now, you rum; ye'll see enough of it before ye're done with it!"

John Collins was looking about him. His eyes fell upon a little garden in the centre of the court. A fountain was playing upon red flowers. But he was still pondering on the expression of the convict of the gate. He could not forget the look, and he could not explain it. It was a look bearing fear, and giving fear. It was the look of a rat. A rat! That was it. A look such as one gets from a rat in a dusky corner.

The murderer was staring dully, past the red flowers and the jetting water which he did not see, staring at the gray walls beyond which he would never pass again. Along the summit of the wall a blue-clad man was pacing slowly, sharply silhouetted; he held in his right hand a rifle, carrying it loosely, like a hunter. The garroter leaned and grinned into the murderer's face.

"You'll wish they'd handed you the book and you'd been hung," he snarled; "you'll wish that more'n once before ye've croaked in this mill!" But the other did not seem to hear. Collins, though there was little softness in his heart, felt an uneasiness at the creaking cruelty of the words. His eyes went up and away across the inclosure to a high stone building with windows heavily barred.

"Them's the condemned cells up there on top," went on the garroter, noting the direction of Collins' glance—and then, to the murderer: "You'll live there, pal."

But the murderer still stared at the stretch of high stone wall, with its pacing guard holding his gun loosely, like a hunter. A man was coming toward them, across the garden. He was squarely, brutally built, was clad in blue, wore a white felt hat, jauntily creased, and as he passed cut at a flower with his light rattan cane. As he drew close Collins saw his face, yellow-brown; and set in this yellow-brown face, two eyes, white-gray, opaque, without light; two eyes hard like metal. Furtively the garroter bent his head; he coughed behind his hand, which had risen to hide his face. The man stopped, glanced sharply down upon him, then seized the upraised hand, jerking it roughly from the face. His white-gray eyes set themselves stonily into those of the thug which immediately escaped to the right, then to the left, then to the ground. The blue-clad man laughed silently.

"So you're back, eh, Thurston?" he said. He spoke lightly, and his heavy, sallow face showed no emotion; yet into it, bending downward on the bowed head of the other, there seemed to creep, somehow, a dull menace. "Back again," he repeated musingly; "and you thought I wasn't going to *make* you!" He chuckled with little sound. "I know a friend that's here, awaiting to see you; a good friend—ain't you glad he's still here—eh?" There was some deadly meaning to the words; Collins saw the garroter shrivel beneath them. Then the man was staring at him. John Collins stared back, as it was his habit to do. The eyes met; John Collins felt the gray ones, round, almost lidless, boring into him without emotion, without trace of human feeling; he struggled; in spite of himself he felt the defiant challenge in his own flicker, flicker, almost go out; he threw back his head—then the other had pivoted on his heels and, cutting the air in a whistling stroke of his rattan cane, had passed into the turnkey's office.

The garroter muttered an oath and slowly raised his white face. "Who is that?" asked John Collins.

"Jennings—one of the jute-mill guards," answered the thug; "look out fer him." He spoke almost in a whisper and lapsed silent at once.

The sheriff and his deputies were leaving. The sheriff shook hands with the murderer and the garroter. "Good-by, boys," he said; "do the best you can for yourselves." He turned to John Collins. "It's your first time," he said; "remember and keep to yourself. Keep to yourself and hang on to your good-time; hang on to your copper." He hurried on after the others. John Collins' eyes followed the three men into the dark, vaulted way. Suddenly the tunnel was lit up as with a burst of golden light; at its extremity, roundly framed, appeared the outline of a hill, tawny against a blue sky.

There was a metallic clang; the tunnel darkened again. Collins' eyes turned back to the gray walls. "Hang on to your copper," he murmured vaguely.

II

FOR some time the three sat silent on the bench before the garden, with its fountain playing upon the red flowers. The garroter's head, now, was bent like the murderer's, and he was muttering to himself. He straightened suddenly, touching Collins' elbow with his hand.

"Listen, pal," he said hoarsely; "I'll wise you to a thing or two." His thick lips trembled loosely. "It's the cons; watch them. The cons"—he looked up into Collins' face almost appealingly, as though begging permission to rid himself of a weight—"the guards—they're bad enough; God knows they're all bad in this hell-hole. But the cons—they're devils." His grip upon Collins' elbow tightened. "Every wan of them's ready to give ye the worst of it some way, to job ye if he can; every wan of them is stoolin' on the other"—he gulped oddly, seemed to swallow three or four times with the motion of a bird drinking—"or lookin' to kill ye because he thinks ye've stooled on him!" he finished with sudden passion.

A stripes-clad man was coming out of the turnkey's office. "The bath-trusty," whispered the garroter, immediately resuming his cringing posture; "he's come for us." The bath-trusty was dressed as the man Collins had seen at the gate, but his hair, instead of being cropped close, as the other's, was of medium length. He was

scanning a slip of paper in his hand, and in his sharp face, bent to read, Collins fancied he saw the shadow of what he had seen in the face of the convict by the gate. When the man looked up at him the impression was confirmed. The man had rat eyes.

He waved his hand to them authoritatively. "Come on," he said, and turned his back. They followed, the garroter first, and, behind John Collins, the murderer, still silent, as though dazed. They went through a hallway and up an iron flight of stairs to a room into which warm rays of sun slanted through a skylight. Here another convict received them, pointing to them, without giving them a glance, a bench upon which they sat while he turned to adjust the lens of a large camera. He wore green eye-shades instead of the visored cap; his black hair was quite long and foppishly parted; a little mustache covered his upper lip; his striped jacket was rounded at the bottom and had lapels; his striped trousers were carefully creased, and his buttoned shoes were of glistening patent-leather. Also he wore a white collar and a four-in-hand tie. His forehead was low beneath the shiny black bangs, and there was something venomously alert about his slight body and beady eyes.

By this man and the bath-trusty few words were exchanged, and these obviously restricted to the business at hand. Between them was a barrier of caste: the photographer treated the bath-trusty with the same authority of word and manner which the latter used toward the three prisoners. And yet, through this barrier, something was constantly passing—sometimes in half-averted head and often in sharp, sidelong glance from narrowed eye—something that showed that the high standing of the one did not put him beyond peril from the other; there was not a moment when the two were not watching each other furtively. They watched each other like two hungry cats; it was as though the photographer were a cat holding a bleeding piece of meat and the other were waiting for him to slacken his guard for just a moment. One thing was plain: there was absolutely no community of interest between the two convicts; no need of guards to watch while the two were together. All of which impressed Collins vaguely as he sat for his picture, first bare-headed, then with his hat on.

After which the three followed the bath-trusty to an inner room in which incandescent lights glowed yellow between shelves and drawers lining the walls. At the order of another stripes-clad man the three stripped naked in the room. Leaving their clothes there, they crossed the hall and spent ten minutes in a large concrete tank, scrubbing themselves with coarse brown soap and warm water. They returned. The bath-trusty consulted with the trusty of the clothes-room. Again Collins saw the sidelong looks from narrowed eyes, the incessant watching, and then the clothes-room trusty measured the three loosely. He was a bent little man, hollow-cheeked; his eyes roved, shifting from place to place like the sun-gleam from a mirror in a boy's hand; but always they flitted back to the bath-trusty. And the bath-trusty, in turn, watched him far more closely than he watched his three charges.

They were standing naked while the clothes-room trusty rummaged about shelves and drawers and made notes in an account-book. Finally he placed before each a little pile of clothing—underwear, a striped suit, a barred cap, and a pair of coarse lace shoes. On the back of each jacket, at the collar, was a square of white cloth, and on each square the bent little convict stamped in purple ink a number. Collins, picking up his jacket, looked at the number. He was 9009.

He slid on the garments silently; and as their coarseness rasped his skin, as their ugly bars gloomed in his eyes, there came to him a feeling which the stone walls, the hardness of the garroter, the rat eyes of the trusties, the harsh implacability of walls and men, had not yet given him. As he stepped from the chair of the prison barber, his face smooth-shaven, his hair cropped close, this feeling took on a character of finality. So it was with the other two. Into each face had come a heaviness, a blank hopelessness; lines had sprung that added years to age, that took away whatever flicker had remained of gentleness and youth. The pictures now taken were as of other men than those who had posed before. Even the murderer had changed.

The summer sun had sunk behind the surrounding walls as, each with a roll of bedding upon his shoulder, they stepped out again into the court, after having been pawed lightly by the photographer, measuring them by the Bertillon system. They left the murderer at the heavily-barred stone building, to which the garroter had prophetically pointed; and 9009 and the garroter followed the

Each Carried in His Hand a Rifle, Loosely, Like a Hunter

bath-trusty till they came to a large open space. This was flanked by two cell-houses, a number of smaller buildings, and a stretch of high stone wall. The cell-houses, with their long rows of black-barred windows, frowned down upon this space which, although large, seemed crushingly close, and the earth of which was beaten by feet into cement-like hardness. Along the top of the wall two blue-clad men were slowly walking, approaching a corner which was capped by a box like a tower. Each carried in his hand a rifle, loosely, like a hunter. A steel-barred gate opened through the wall, near the cell-house, and over this was an open turret from which protruded the vicious muzzle of a rapid-fire gun. Here two more blue-clad guards stood with rifles.

As they reached the centre of the yard these steel-barred gates suddenly swung inward with a clang, and through the arched way, beneath the turret with its rapid-fire gun, a line of convicts began to flow—a line writhing like a snake, gray like a larva, and mounted upon legs like a centipede. It came, slowly, smoothly, across the yard, toward 9009, the garroter and the trusty, who had halted them; it crept by them; its head sank into the door of one of the cell-houses to the right; and still the tail was oozing, as though it were to be endlessly, out of the arch-way to the left. 9009 understood; it was the lock-step of which he often had heard. The convicts marched in single file, each with both hands on the shoulders of the man before him; from this came the undulating unison of the long, striped thing. It crawled by him; he scanned its links; one by one the pale faces flashed by. Each face was set straight ahead, looking downward; each face was white and held a dull hardness. And from these men, each touching the other with both hands on his shoulders, there came no sound; the lips were motionless. They marched; from head to tail the monster undulated smoothly. They marched, eyes to the ground, and grimly silent. And the stripes of all were black and gray, black and gray, black and gray—until a startling change in the ringed line's length struck 9009 almost like a blow. It was a convict clad in stripes of black and red.

9009 heard, at his elbow, the sound of breath sucked sharply in; the garroter, leaning forward, his face gray-white, was watching the red-striped convict.

He came on, linked in front by his own arms, linked behind by the arms of another, a red blotch in the long, gray line, till he was even with them. He marched with head bowed and shoulders bent. His face was dead with the prison pallor, heavy-jawed, and a scowl like a corrosion cleft his forehead; his eyes scanned the ground at his feet.

The garroter swallowed hard, and then, as though the fear had drawn them, the eyes of the red-striped man suddenly left the ground and lit upon the garroter. It was a flash, a glance in passing, a flicker of the lids, and the eyes went back to the beaten ground; but in that instant there had leaped from the pallid face, coarse-mouthed, a look so eloquent of hate, so dire of promise, a look a-shout with such ferocious joy, that 9009 himself went cold. The garroter was livid and great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead.

"My God," he said thickly.

The bath-trusty, looking straight ahead as though he were not talking, said: "He cut Donnely just after you left an' got another twenty. He's just out of solitary; first day in the jute."

"I didn't stool," muttered the garroter—and his muttering, though low, had the inflection of a wail—"I didn't stool."

The trusty marched them on; a minute later 9009 was in his cell.

III

THE next morning 9009 was awakened by a rude hand and taken to the yard-captain's office to be booked. A keen-eyed, iron-gray man met him there and, after stripping him, scanned his bare body inch by inch for scars.

He examined first the face of 9009, passing his eyes slowly and mercilessly over each feature, exploring every fold and pit of skin; then, with the same passionless, peering scrutiny, like that of an old woman examining a piece of meat at the market, he searched the arms, the hands, the naked torso, and finally the feet. At times he stopped and marked down the result of his observation into a little notebook. When he was through he had not spoken a word; he had not seen the man.

Having slipped on his garments again, 9009 stood a moment awkwardly in the centre of the room, not knowing what was expected of him, and unconsciously watching the clerk book his commitment: "John Collins, Union County, July 19, 1897; Burglary and Assault to commit murder; five years and three years."

The clerk was young and slender, clad in blue; his boyish lips curved in a vague smile. The book was thick, heavy, its large page ruled off by vertical lines of red and blue. The pen scratched and sputtered. The clerk stopped and replaced it with another, then went on writing, smiling vaguely into the book.

"Five years and three years."

9009 dropped his eyes to the floor; it was concrete, hard, like stone. He raised his eyes to the window; it was steel-barred. Through the squares he saw a stretch of wall; on the top, cutting the sky in silhouette, a guard paced slowly, carrying his rifle in his hand, loosely, like a hunter.

"Five years and three years. Eight years."

A sudden report, sharp and loud as a pistol-shot, made him jump. The clerk had slammed the book shut.

The rat-eyed trusty was standing in the doorway, beckoning. 9009 followed him across the yard into the cell-house, up two flights of iron stairs, along a narrow steel platform, past a long row of steel-barred doors, back to his cell. It is one of the prison regulations that the new convict pass his first day in his cell.

The night before he had thrown his bedding upon the narrow bunk and, stretching upon it, had immediately sunk into a brutish sleep. Now, he looked about him.

The place was steel-walled, steel-ceilinged, steel-floored. Against the bottom wall was the bunk upon which his bedding was heaped. As he sat upon the iron rod forming the edge of this bunk, he had to bend forward so as not to hit with his head the second bunk, above. The upper bunk was without tenant that day. The cell was wide as the length of the bunks—about seven feet—and of less depth. That is, between the bunk and the door there was just enough room to allow a man to pace the two or three steps allowed by the width; two men could not do it. The door was a steel-barred gate through which the eyes of guards and trusties, watchful or merely hostilely curious, could always peer. In one corner was a three-legged stool; above it, on a triangular shelf, a Bible, covered with dust; a placard shone yellow on the wall to the left. That was all.

He sat on the edge of the bunk, his survey made, holding his chin in his two hands, tormented by a strange sensation. It was an odor; a taint was in the air; something elusive, but which would not go. Curiously enough, in his mind, it called up visions of circus menageries, seen in childhood. After a while he worked out the connection. The smell of a menagerie, it came from caged animals. Here, also, there were things in cages. These were not animals; they were men. The taint in the air, it came from men, many men, caged.

The idea made him a little sick. But now, something else was bothering him, something still more vague, more elusive, more irritating than that which he had just caught —something that he *must* solve.

He felt a vast sense of stoppage—stoppage, that was it. A sense one has on a steamer when suddenly the clanging engines stop with a sigh; that which comes when one is alone in a room with the ticking of a clock, and this ticking ceases; the feeling that comes when one passes without warning from the tumult of a storm into a great calm.

There had come a distinct halt in his life; a period, a gigantic punctuation.

9009 was a bad man. He had come to this cell not through a miscarriage of Justice. He had been bad; he had been lawless.

He had been lawless from childhood, from the time when, a mere boy cutting away from a squalid home, he had forced his way to the leadership of a "gang" whose serious occupations were pilfering from the grocer, robbing boats and box-cars, and whose amusements were fierce fights with rival "gangs," stonings of Chinamen, and torturings of cats.

Always he had been at war. He had been at war with men, with society. And now, at this abrupt cessation of the whirl of his life, there had come to him a feeling, vague, indefinite, of futility—a discouragement. All of his fighting, all of his defiance, his cunning had, after all, led him only to this—to a cell. For the last six years he had thought that he was expecting this. But really, he had not expected it. It had come to him as a distinct shock. And now came this feeling of uselessness, of futility.

He had fought society and had been worsted. And he felt that always he would be worsted. He felt that he could not go on in this way. It didn't pay, that was it. Always, he would get the worst of it. It didn't pay. He couldn't fight the world. He couldn't fight that. His life—it had been a failure. That was it: his life had been a failure.

It had been a failure. And in him now, obscure but strong, there was a longing for something else, for some elusive thing that he could not name, that he could not picture, and yet which was indispensable to him.

Strangely enough, it was allied with the impression that he had carried away from his visit to Tom Ryan.

A few weeks before his arrest, Ryan, meeting him on the street, had taken him to his home for dinner. Ryan was one of the companions of his boyhood and he had not seen him for years.

Ryan had become, he found, a common plodding workingman—of the class at which he sneered. He was a hod-carrier. He lived in a wretched cottage on the outskirts of the city. He arrived there every evening, his brogans red with brick-dust, his shoulders white with plaster, to squat at a table roughly laden by Mrs. Ryan and shovel food into his harassed body. That evening Collins had eaten with him.

They sat at the table, Ryan with both elbows upon it, gulping the food which Collins hardly touched. Mrs. Ryan, a squarely-built, red-faced woman, stood between the stove and the table, keeping the various plates plenished. At intervals she leaned over and directed a wandering spoon into the gaping mouth of Myrtle, the little tow-headed elder daughter, or leaned over a crib in the corner of the kitchen, lifting a blanket spread there to quiet an acid wail.

After eating, Ryan had lighted his pipe, had puffed a while, and then gone to sleep, there in his chair.

To Collins, used to an alert, vigilant existence; to the excitement of long-plotted and carefully-executed thefts and of their resultant pursuits; to intervals of tenderloin luxury, this was just the sort of life to be most despised. To him, his lawlessness and cheap luxuries were what elegance is to the rich, beauty to the artist. Like the rich man, like the artist, he naturally revolted at the commonplace of such an existence as Ryan's.

And yet, that night, he had carried away with him a vague and inexplicable desire which was still with him now, which in some way was allied with the feeling that had come to him this morning, here, in his cell; which had to do with the discouragement, the sense of failure, the disgust, almost, that tormented him as he looked back along the days that he had lived.

And as he sat here, his fists against his temples, the two things suddenly leaped together, coalesced.

What he desired was that which Ryan had.

What he, 9009, longed for, what his life had failed to give him, must now give him, was what Ryan had.

It was Security.

"He felt safe," he said to himself with heavy finality.

Then: "Didn't have to look out for no 'bulls.'"

"Didn't have to look out for stool-pigeons."

"Didn't carry no gun."

"He felt *safe*."

He knew now what he wanted, wanted more than wine, money, cigars, more than the joy of fight, the iron tang of revolt; he wanted peace, he wanted security, he wanted what Ryan had.

"No more of this," he muttered; "no more. I'll turn square."

"Square"—not out of any ethical renovation, but "square," very simply, because thus only could he get what now he wanted, which was peace, security.

His Right Wrist Linked to a Garroter

By a freak of his mind there came now to him the scratching pen of the clerk booking him. The big book leaped before him; he saw the pen traveling. "Five years and three years."

Eight years! Eight years before he could even begin his new life.

And yet—eight years; after all, it was not so long, eight years! He gave a swift look behind. The last eight years —they had not been so long! In eight years he would be thirty-seven. A man had some years left at thirty-seven!

He had risen to his feet in his excitement and was pacing to and fro along the narrow space between bunk and door. At one of his turns his eyes fell upon the placard stuck to the wall. He stopped, his eyes glued themselves upon the cardboard, a flush came to his heavy cheeks.

"My copper!"—it was almost a shout—"My copper; my good time!"—he slapped his thigh—"I was almost forgetting my copper!"

Before him, yellow on the blue-black wall, the placard shone; its little black characters danced. He read them carefully.

GOOD TIME

Under the Goodwin Act you have already earned time which has been deducted from your sentence. This time has been deducted as follows:

For the first year, two months; second year, two months; third year, four months; fourth year, four months; fifth year, and every year thereafter, five months.

This time had already been earned by you. The law has given it to you, and it belongs to you. Only bad behavior on your part will forfeit this time. It is for you to determine whether or no you will keep this time to your credit; and for you alone.

About the margin of the printed rule he saw penciled figures, many of them, where former occupants had made calculations over and over again. He fell to figuring.

"Thirty-two months—two years and eight months"—that was his copper. He tried it again; a third time; the result was the same. He could gain two years and eight months.

He subtracted now. Keeping his copper, there would be left for him to serve only five years and four months.

Five years and four months! That would not be so long! He looked back along his life to get a measure. Five years ago he was turning his first yegg trick. It wasn't so long, five years. In five years he would be only thirty-four.

He sat down to calm himself. "In five years—I wonder where Nell will be," he said. But the thought did not remain with him long. Almost immediately he returned to the more palpitant subject. He remained silent, bent over, thinking, a long time. And then, solemnly, almost with affection, "My copper," he said softly.

He would work for it, he would treasure it, his "good time," his "copper." There were rules in this place; he would keep them. There was work; he would work. He remembered the words of the garroter and of the sheriff; he would keep to himself, he would obey, he would do anything they told him.

"Oh, *I'll* be good," he said aloud whimsically; "I'll be *good*, all right."

A step sounded outside in the narrow corridor, the door opened with a rasp, and Jennings, the sallow-faced guard, walked in. He laid his hand roughly upon the shoulder of 9009 and fixed his white-gray eyes upon him in a stony, passionless stare. 9009 returned the gaze, defiantly, as had been always his habit, in a struggle of man and man. The guard scanned him long, silently, with no expression in his stony face, but a sort of invisible and heavy threat rising like a dull blush into his cheeks. The look chilled; 9009 met it. For a full minute neither pair of eyes shifted, neither flickered. Then the guard loosed his grip and pushed the shoulder away from him.

"You *are* a bad one," he said evenly.

He turned; the steel door shut; a bar fell heavily into a socket outside. 9009 remained seated on the edge of his bunk, holding his chin in his two hands. The exultation of his discovery, of his resolve, had left him; instead, a vague sense of danger was enwrapping him; he shivered slightly. And to his nostrils again, an obsession, there came the taint: the taint that came from men, caged like wild beasts.

IV

TO HOLD his copper and to keep to himself—the sheriff knew what he was saying when he had coupled these admonitions. 9009 learned this through several months of silent observation.

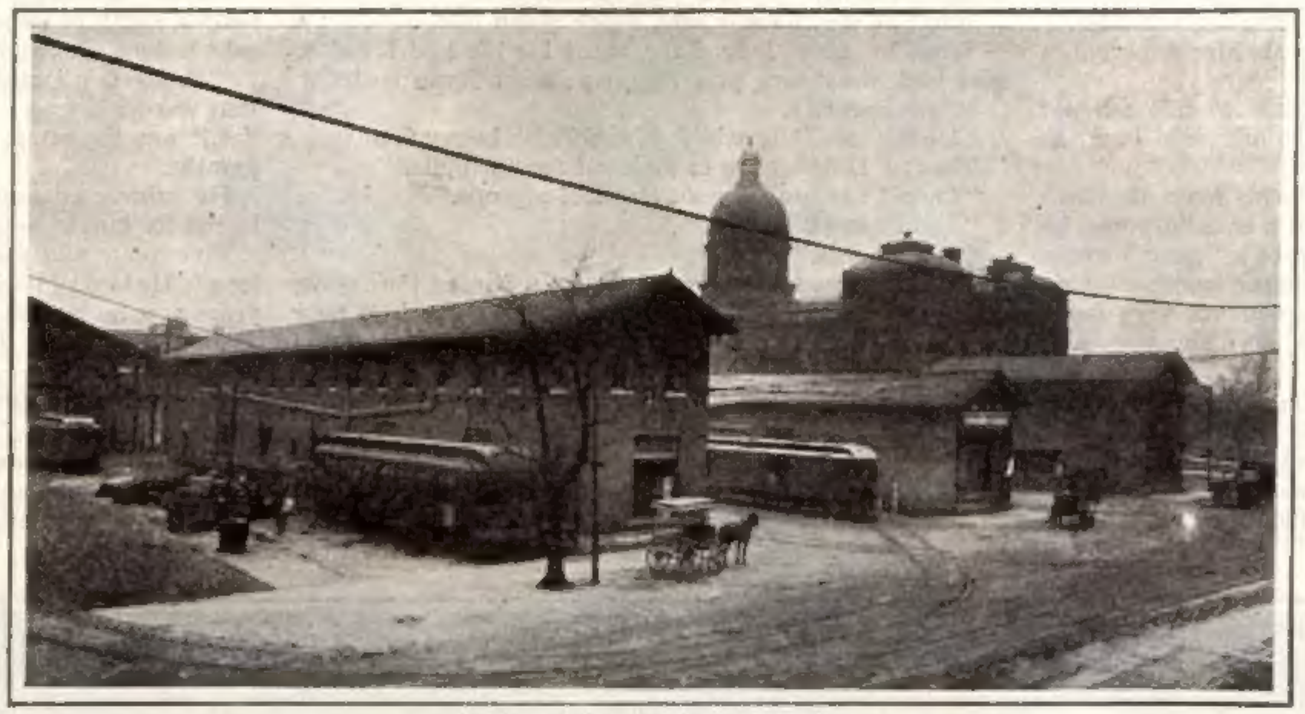
He learned during that time many things about guards and convicts. First, he found that there were two classes of convicts—the ordinary convict and the trusty. He wondered much at the trusties. He saw them all over the prison. A trusty had supervision of the cells in his tier. A trusty superintended the waiters of the dining-hall. The druggist to whom one morning 9009 went for quinine was striped. Convicts kept the prison records. Convicts kept the keys of the cell-house. A murderer serving a life-sentence had nearly all the keys inside the wall.

That the prison officials should trust a felon to the point of placing in his hands the power to free all of his fellows

(Continued on Page 27)

TRADE AND THE TROLLEY

All the Comforts of Home Drawn from an Overhead Wire



Trolley Freight-Yards, Indianapolis

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

MRS. PETER HAWKINS, wife of a farmer, had sudden need of a new cook-stove. The reason for this is immaterial. Farmers are just as likely to want what they want when they want it as are city people, but it has been rather more difficult for them to get it promptly. Anyhow, Mrs. Hawkins wanted a stove, wanted it at once, and knew the kind she wanted. She had investigated the subject of stoves, realizing that she would need one before long. She had also discussed with Peter the financial question involved. So she was prepared.

This being the situation, Mrs. Hawkins called up Mr. Jones, a country merchant from whom she made most of her purchases, on the telephone. She gave Mr. Jones the name and number of the stove she desired and explained to him the need of haste. Mr. Jones makes no pretense of carrying a "line" of stoves in stock, as they are somewhat too bulky and costly, but, being an up-to-date country merchant, he sells many things that he does not carry in stock. Sometimes he carries a few of the bulkier and more costly articles as samples, and sometimes he merely carries a nice line of catalogues of these things. Mr. Jones has learned that the mail-order house is not the only one that can do a catalogue business. He has also learned that his customers, since the opening of the interurban trolley, go to town much oftener than they ever did before, and that they frequently see things in town that they would like to purchase—perhaps, not on the spot.

Being, as I have said, up-to-date, Mr. Jones has let it be known that he is prepared to supply articles of which he is unable to carry a "line" in stock, and supply them promptly. In this way Mr. Jones has been able to hold much trade that the trolley might be expected to take to the city; for, all else being equal, people prefer to do business with tradesmen they know personally. So Mr. Jones is not at all disturbed by the fact that he has no stove of the make and number ordered in stock. Indeed, so far as stoves are concerned, he may have no more than a catalogue in stock, and still it is nothing to him.

Meeting a Run on the Country Store's Shelves

MR. JONES has a long-distance telephone, which is somewhat better for his purpose than a full line of stoves, and he calls up the jobber or the wholesaler with whom he does business at the nearest trolley centre—Indianapolis, Detroit, Dayton, Toledo, or whatever town is the trolley centre for him. He orders Mrs. Hawkins' stove.

"Deliver to you?" asks the jobber.

"No," says Mr. Jones; "bill to me, but deliver to Peter Hawkins at Baxter's Cross Roads station of the X and L interurban trolley. And hustle it."

"It will go out with to-night's freight," asserts the jobber.

Mr. Jones then calls Mrs. Hawkins up and informs her that the stove will be at Baxter's Cross Roads, the nearest trolley station to the Hawkins farm, by the following morning.

The jobber, meanwhile, has ordered the stove shipped. It may be a mere matter of sending it to the trolley freight-house, for jobbers and wholesalers at trolley centres keep much of their merchandise crated for immediate shipment. In any event, delivery at its destination will be infinitely quicker than would be the case if shipment were made by steam road. The steam road must have its freight earlier, and even then there is usually a day's difference in the time it takes to reach its destination.

Mrs. Hawkins' stove may be delivered at the trolley freight-house any time before 6 P. M. and be sure of shipment that night, as a general rule. It will then be loaded on a car, to be sent out when the passenger business of the day is over. The trolley lines ordinarily do not run night passenger cars—that is, after 11 or 12 o'clock—so their tracks are free for freight from midnight until early morning. The outgoing freight usually has an entirely clear track, but the car may have to run as a second section of a passenger "train" on the return. However, Mrs. Hawkins' stove is delivered at Baxter's Cross Roads during the night, and Peter gets it in the morning. That may serve to explain why the business of the interurban trolley is increasing so rapidly and making radical changes in business methods.

Returning to Mr. Jones, the up-to-date country merchant, it is possible to find another illustration of changed and changing conditions. As already explained, Mr. Jones is able to sell many things of which he cannot carry a full line in stock, but there are many staples that he must keep in stock. He need not, however, stock up as completely as was formerly necessary, for he is much closer (in time) to his source of supply. It may happen that his stock in some line is unexpectedly depleted. Country merchants, as well as city merchants, have occasional unlooked-for "runs" upon a certain line of goods. Mr. Jones may have one. Perhaps, he is somewhat at fault himself in letting his stock get a little too low. Anyhow, there is an unexpected demand, and it is good business to have what the people want when they want it. Mr. Jones finds that he will have to begin asking would-be purchasers to call again if he cannot replenish his stock between night and morning. Under old conditions this would be impossible, but the telephone and the trolley enable him to do it. He gets his order to the jobber in the afternoon, and he has the necessary goods when he opens in the morning.

The average resident of a big city—a steam railroad centre—has little conception of the magnitude of the business done by the interurban trolley or of the radical nature of the changes it is making. The wholesale merchant knows, because he has had to adapt himself to these changes. The country merchant knows, for he has had to change his own methods or go out of business. The traveling salesman knows, for it has meant a new departure for him in many ways. The steam railroad official knows, for it is having its effect upon his business. The farmer knows, for it is bringing him in touch with city life and city standards. Each knows how it has affected him, but I think few even of those affected appreciate the far-reaching influence of the trolley and its extraordinary development as a business factor during the last few years. The great majority of city men still regard it as merely a convenient means of urban and suburban transportation, hardly to be considered at all as a means of interurban communication.

A few facts and figures may serve to correct this impression. Ohio has nearly twenty-five hundred miles of trolley lines in operation, and Indiana a little less than one thousand. In the matter of mileage Ohio is probably the greatest trolley State in the Union, but Indiana can claim the honor of having the greatest trolley centre (Indianapolis) within its borders. Ohio has several trolley centres; Indiana virtually only one. There are, of course, trolley lines in Indiana that do not extend directly to Indianapolis, but they are usually only feeders for the lines that do. In a minor way Fort Wayne, Muncie and Kokomo are trolley centres, but they are all connected with Indianapolis.

Interior of the Traction Terminal Station, Indianapolis

The Trolley Freight Traffic

IN OHIO the conditions are different. The lines, for the most part, are shorter, and there is no one city to which all trolley business converges. Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Columbus and Lima are all independent trolley centres. Each has at least one or two long lines connecting it with one or two of the other trolley centres, but no one of them has as perfect trolley connection with other parts of the State as Indianapolis has with pretty much all of Indiana. There are north and south connecting lines extending the entire length of the State near the western border; you can almost cross the southern part of the State, and you can cross the northern part along the shore of Lake Erie, but east of Dayton the north and south connections are most imperfect.

But the fact that Ohio has many trolley systems and Indiana only one does not mean that all the Indiana lines are under one management, but merely that they have been constructed and are operated with the apparent purpose of covering the entire State as completely and perfectly as possible. So, with less than half of Ohio's mileage, Indiana may be said to have the best trolley system, and Indianapolis certainly exemplifies the progress made in trolley systems better than any other city. As a place to study the development of this business Indianapolis' equal cannot be found. It has the most perfect terminal facilities of any city of which I have knowledge, including freight-yards, freight-houses and a passenger station that a steam road might well envy.

Some idea of the astonishing progress made in the development of this means of communication may be gained from a brief consideration of the business done and the service rendered at this one place. Twelve lines centre in Indianapolis, and they carried in and out of that city last year over five million passengers and one hundred thousand tons of freight. Do not overlook the freight. If you live in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, or any other city to which the interurban trolley service is a mere incident, you may have gained the impression that it is for passengers only, but it does a big freight business, virtually giving express service for a little in excess of freight rates. Its facilities for doing this in the territory it covers are better than the steam roads, because, as previously explained, it has clear tracks for its freight-cars after the passenger business of the day is over.

Indianapolis sends out about two hundred trolley passenger-cars every day, and the same number arrive daily. Four hundred cars a day, in and out,

should give some idea of the business done and the service rendered. There are seventeen cars a day to Terre Haute, seventy-two miles, and from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. they run every hour. There are fifteen cars a day to Richmond, sixty-seven miles, and three of these run through to Dayton, one hundred and eight miles, without change. Three more connect at Richmond for Dayton, and four other cars on the same line do not go as far as Richmond. This makes a total of nineteen cars a day leaving Indianapolis on the Richmond line. Cutting out the short-run locals, there are seventeen cars a day to Lafayette, seventeen to Muncie, five to Fort Wayne, ten to Logansport, and eleven to Louisville. As a general thing, the cars run an hour apart during the business hours of the day, and such service naturally takes much of the short-haul passenger business from the steam roads. The service is even better on some of the shorter runs, but this is enough to give an idea of what the trolley is doing at Indianapolis.

Over in Ohio there are conditions that make the service even better, so far as number of cars is concerned, in some instances. Dayton, I think, is the greatest trolley centre in Ohio, sending out about one hundred and seventy-five cars a day over eight lines, and it certainly sends the greatest number of interurban cars to one place. Between Dayton and Piqua there are two lines, one of which sends twenty-five cars to Piqua every day, and the other seventeen cars, making a total of forty-two. Eight of these Piqua cars run through to Toledo, one hundred and sixty-two miles. There are also twenty-seven cars to Xenia, nine to Muncie, seventeen to Richmond, seven to Columbus, and twenty-one to Cincinnati. All of these figures, bear in mind, relate to outgoing cars only, and there are as many more returning. They do not include freight-cars.

Cleveland, with the lake on one side, has less territory to be reached by trolley, but it sends out about one hundred and seventy cars daily over seven lines. Columbus has nine lines, most of them very short, Toledo four, Cincinnati six, and Lima is a junction that receives cars from five directions.

Blazing Its Own Right of Way

THE difference in conditions between Ohio and Indiana is doubtless due, in part, to the fact that Ohio was first developed as a trolley State. The lines there have been of gradual growth, creeping out from the various cities without comprehensive plan. Indiana, building later, had a better conception of the part the trolley was destined to play in interurban transportation, and could plan accordingly. At least, this is the impression one gets after seeing something of the lines in both States. Ohio has many highway lines, and the highway line is a mark of the earlier days of trolley development. The beginning of the interurban business was when the city line pushed out into the country, and, being a street line in the city, it naturally stuck to the highway in the country. That plan is no longer regarded with favor by progressive trolley men. They cannot grade a highway as they can a private right-of-way, and they cannot make the time on it that they now deem necessary. So they are buying their rights-of-way, grading and ballasting, and generally laying a road-bed as even and almost as solid as the steam road considers essential. They build bridges and viaducts now that would have been considered quite impossible (because of the expense) a few years ago. Even the old highway lines are being straightened where possible, and the grade crossing eliminated when practicable. In some cases a private right-of-way is being acquired and the highway gradually abandoned. This change in the trolley itself has been quite as radical and significant as the changes it has compelled in the business world. There certainly is a vast difference between the line of recent construction and the line that was built ten years ago, and, speaking generally, Indiana seems to have a larger proportion of lines that were constructed in accordance with this later idea.

Then, as a further explanation of the more perfect system, it must not be forgotten that Indiana has one dominating, centrally-located city, while Ohio has no city that exactly corresponds to Indianapolis in its relations to the rest of the State. In brief, Indiana lends itself naturally to systematic trolley development, and Ohio does not. I do not know of any other State where conditions are so conducive to one general, comprehensive plan. In Michigan the city that, from its commercial importance, would be the natural trolley centre, and that actually does have the largest number of lines radiating from it, is Detroit, and Detroit is tucked away in a corner of the State. Illinois is destined to be more like

Traction Terminal Building, Indianapolis

Ohio than Indiana, having many trolley centres, but it is far behind both of them now. It has many interurban lines, some of them running considerable distances, but few of them are connected. Congressman McKinley is at the head of a company that is planning to supply some of these connections and make a "system" of lines that are now run independently.

As one goes East he finds the possibilities of the trolley less fully developed, possibly because the steam roads cover the Eastern States more completely. Perhaps, Massachusetts may be an exception. I know that it has many and excellent trolley lines, but I am not sufficiently familiar with the conditions there to make comparisons with other States. Pennsylvania has the mountains in the western end to discourage development, and nowhere in it is the trolley of the importance that it has become in the Middle Western States.

As a matter of fact, the interurban trolley in the East seems to be more a mere extension of the urban and suburban trolley, and less a separate proposition, than it is in the West. Its commercial importance is recognized, and is daily receiving greater recognition, but it is still for outings and visits rather than for business. A trolley map of New York State shows that it seeks the summer resorts and the patronage of tourists. There is almost no place of summer popularity that is not connected with the nearest city by electric line. There are also occasional connections between cities of importance, but, for the most part, every city large enough to be a trolley centre is building up an independent system for itself. These systems are gradually being connected—that is, as a general thing, they creep out toward each other until they finally meet—but the tendency still seems to be for each city to look out for itself. Yet, in the electrification of the West Shore, New York has the finest possible opportunity for a complete east and west road reaching from Albany to Buffalo. This is not strictly a trolley line, for trains continue to run over it by steam power, and the electric cars that use the tracks get their current from a third rail, but these electric cars should certainly be classed with the trolley rather than the steam road. They do a trolley business, and they enter and leave their present terminal cities on the street-railroad tracks, thus depositing passengers and baggage in the business districts. As yet the electric cars run only between Syracuse and Utica, but I understand the electrification is being extended, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not ultimately cross the entire State. The present line is one of the best and fastest that I found between Chicago and New York.

A detailed consideration of the changes resulting from these new conditions brings out some surprising facts. The trolley is taking more and more of the short-haul freight and passenger business, but, as a general thing, it is not injuriously affecting the business of the steam roads. At first thought, this seems like a contradiction. The steam roads formerly had both the short-haul and the long-haul business, and the trolleys have got much of the former (as the car figures I have given prove), and are getting more of it; therefore, the steam roads are losing it. True enough. But the trolley is making new business, and the steam roads are getting their share of it. The trolley is essentially a short-haul proposition. It runs through cars, freight and passenger, for distances of over a hundred miles, but most of its business is done on hauls of from five to twenty-five miles. On one run of one hundred and sixty-two miles I think I was the only passenger in the car who went through. The bulk of its freight and the majority of its passengers are not carried a longer distance than twenty-five miles. It is, therefore, principally a local distributing agency, and it will so remain—at least, for many years to come. The rate at which trolley construction is going on indicates that it will soon be possible to go almost anywhere by this method of transportation, but the real business of the trolley will continue to be confined to the short haul. There will be more distributing points, from which the trolley will serve the people in its immediate field, but the steam roads will supply these distributing points.

The steam roads, of course, gain nothing by this to compensate them for their short-haul losses, unless the trolley makes new business. But that is just what the trolley does. Everywhere between Chicago and New York the managers of interurban lines said the same thing: they are giving to the steam roads more than they are taking away; they are creating new demands by putting within reach of the people of the farms and villages many things that were considered quite impossible before; they are educating them to higher material standards of living. The people of the country go oftener to the city, learn more of city conveniences, acquire new desires, and then find that the trolley will bring them what they want as easily and as quickly as the city man can get it. The car that took me from Indianapolis to Dayton unloaded freezers of ice cream at two or three country cross-roads stations, and an old farmer with chin whiskers complained to me that "the pesky trolley" was making him and "the folks" so restless that they had to be "goin' somewhere all the time." Trifling incidents, of course, but there is often significance in trifling incidents. The trolley was making new business, both passenger and freight, for these merely exemplified general conditions.

Making Hay for the Steam Roads

THE rate at which the business of the trolley is increasing is also evidence of a new demand. Some of this increase is unquestionably taken from the steam roads, but much of it is created by the trolley. F. D. Carpenter, general manager of the Western Ohio Railway Company, informed me that the increase in freight business during 1907 over 1906 was a little over forty per cent., and the increase in passenger business about thirty-five per cent. This is somewhat more than the average increase, but several roads expect to show as high a percentage of gain this year. A good many of them have to compare this year with last, as well as they can at this time, for they are so new that 1906 does not give a fair basis for comparison. The Western Ohio is adding largely to its freight equipment, although it now has freight-houses and side-tracks in all the important towns on its line.

In view of these facts, the trolley men would seem to have reason for their claim that they are giving the steam roads, in new business, more than they are taking away. There has been a change for the steam roads in the trolley territory, but the change has been merely in the character of the business done: more through freight and less local freight. The

(Continued on Page 31)

Trolley Freight-Houses, Indianapolis

"THE BLEEDING HEART"

Being the History of "Achille Flamant of the Hitherto"

"A Thousand Regrets, Madame," He Murmured; "the Weeping Alone Apartment is Occupied"

By LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ON THE last day of the year, toward the dinner-hour, a young and attractive woman, whose costume proclaimed her a widow, entered the restaurant of The Bleeding Heart. That modest restaurant is situated near the gates of the Cemetery of Montmartre. The lady, quoting from an announcement over the window, requested the proprietor to conduct her to the "Apartment Reserved for Those Desirous of Weeping Alone."

The proprietor's shoulders became apologetic. "A thousand regrets, Madame," he murmured; "the Weeping Alone apartment is occupied."

This visibly annoyed the customer.

"It is the second anniversary of my bereavement," she complained, "and already I have wept here twice. The woe of an *habituée* should find a welcome!"

Her reproof, still more her air of being well-to-do, had an effect on Brochat. He looked at his wife, and his wife said hesitatingly:

"Perhaps the young man would consent to oblige Madame, if you asked him nicely. After all, he engaged the room for seven o'clock, and it is not yet half-past six."

"That is true," said Brochat. "*Alors*, I shall see what can be arranged! I beg that Madame will put herself to the trouble of sitting down while I use my earnest endeavors."

But he returned after a few minutes to declare that the young man's sorrow was so profound that no reply could be extracted from him.

The lady showed signs of temper. "Has this person the monopoly of sorrowing on your premises?" she demanded sharply. "Whom does he lament? Surely, sir, the loss of a husband should give me the prior claim?"

"I cannot rightly say whom the gentleman laments," stammered Brochat. "The circumstances are, in fact, somewhat unusual. I would mention, however, that the apartment is a spacious one, as Madame doubtless recalls, and no further mourners are expected for half an hour. If, in the mean time, Madame would be so amiable as to weep in the young man's presence, I can assure her that she would find him too stricken to stare."

The widow considered. "Well," she said, after the pause, "if you can guarantee his abstraction, so be it! It is a matter of conscience with me to behave in precisely the same way each year, and, rather than miss my meditations there altogether, I am willing to make the best of him."

Brochat, having taken her order for refreshments—for which he always charged ordinary prices, with a *supplément* for solitude—preceded her up the stairs. The single gas flame that had been kindled in the room was very low, and the lady received but a momentary impression of a man's figure bowed over a white table. She chose a chair at once, with her back toward him, and, resting her brow on her forefinger, disposed herself for desolation.

It may have been that the stranger's proximity told on her nerves, or it may have been that Time had done something to heal her wound. Whatever the cause, the frame of mind that she invited was slow in arriving, and when the coffee and cakes appeared she was not averse from trifling with them. Meanwhile, for any sound that he had made, the young man might have been as defunct as Henri IV, but, as she took her second sip, a groan of such violence escaped him that she nearly dropped her cup.

His abandonment of despair seemed to reflect upon her own insensibility, and, partly to raise herself in his esteem, the lady a moment later uttered a long-drawn, wistful sigh. No sooner had she done so, however, than she deeply regretted the indiscretion, for it stimulated the young man to a howl positively harrowing.

An impatient movement of her graceful shoulders protested against these demonstrations, but, as she had her back to him, she could not tell whether he observed her. Stealing a glance, she discovered that his face was buried in his hands, and that the white table seemed to be laid for ten covers. Scrutiny revealed ten bottles of wine around it, the neck of each bottle tied with a large crape bow. Curiosity now held the lady wide-eyed, and, as luck would have it, the young man at this moment raised his head.

"I trust that my agony does not disturb you, Madame?" he inquired, meeting her gaze with some embarrassment.

"I must confess, Monsieur," said she, "that you have been carrying it rather far."

He accepted the rebuke humbly. "If you divined the intensity of my sufferings you would be lenient," he murmured. "Nevertheless it was dishonest of me to moan so bitterly before seven o'clock, when my claim to the room legally begins. I entreat your pardon."

"It is accorded freely," said the lady, mollified by his penitence. "She would be a poor mourner who quarreled with the affliction of another!" Again she indulged in a plaintive sigh, and this time the young man's response was tactfully harmonious.

"Life is a vale of tears, Madame?" he remarked, with more solicitude than originality.

"You may indeed say so, Monsieur!" she assented. "To have lost one who was beloved ——"

"It must be a heavy blow. I can imagine it."

He had made a curious answer. She stared at him, perplexed. "You can 'imagine' it?"

"I can imagine it very well."

"But you yourself have experienced such a loss, Monsieur?" faltered the widow nervously. Had trouble unhinged his brain?

"No," said the young man, "to speak by the clock, my own loss has not yet occurred."

A brief silence fell, during which she cast uneasy glances toward the door.

He added, as if anxious that she should do him justice: "But I would not have you consider my lamentations premature."

"How true it is," breathed the lady, "that in this world no human soul can wholly comprehend another!"

"Mine is a very painful history," he warned her, taking the hint, "yet if it will serve to divert your mind from your own misfortune I shall be honored to confide it to you. Stay, the tenth invitation, which an accident prevented my dispatching, would explain the circumstances tersely, but I much fear that the room is too dark for you to decipher all the subtleties. Have I your permission to turn up the gas?"

"I Trust that My Agony Does Not Disturb You, Madame?"

"Do so, by all means, Monsieur," said the lady graciously; and the light displayed to her, first, as personable a young man as she could have desired to see; second, an imposing card, which was inscribed as follows:

> M. ACHILLE FLAMANT, ARTIST
> FOREWARNS YOU OF
> THE DEATH OF HIS CAREER
> THE INTERMENT WILL TAKE PLACE AT THE
> RESTAURANT OF THE BLEEDING HEART
> ON DECEMBER 31ST
> VALEDICTORY VICTUALS 7 P. M.
> N. B. A SYMPATHETIC COSTUME WILL BE APPRECIATED

"I would call your attention to the border of cypress, and to the tomb in the corner," said the young man, with melancholy pride. "You may also look favorably on the figure with the shovel, which, of course, depicts me in the act of burying my hopes. It is a symbolic touch that no hope is visible."

"It is a very artistic production altogether," said the widow, dissembling her astonishment. "So you are a painter, Monsieur Flamant?"

"Again speaking by the clock, I am a painter," he concurred, "but, at midnight, I shall no longer be in a position to say so; in the morning I am pledged to the life commercial. You will not marvel at my misery when I inform you that to the existence of Achille Flamant, the artist, there remain only five hours and twenty-odd minutes!"

"Well, I am commercial myself," she said. "I am Madame Aurore, the beauty specialist, of the Rue Baba. Do not think me wanting in the finer emotions, but I assure you that a lucrative establishment is not a calamity."

"Madame Aurore," demurred the painter with a bow, "your own business is but a sister art. In your *atelier* the saffron of a bad complexion blooms to the fairness of a rose, and the bunch of a lumpy figure is modeled to the grace of Galatea. With me it will be a different pair of shoes. I shall be condemned to perch on a stool in the office of a wine merchant, and invoice vintages which my thirty francs a week will not allow me to drink. No comparison can be drawn between your lot and my little."

"Certainly I should not like the stool," she confessed.

"Would you rejoice at the thirty francs a week?"

"Well, and the thirty francs a week are also poignant. But you may rise, Monsieur. Who shall foretell the future? Once I had to make both ends meet with less to coax them than the salary you mention. Even when my poor husband was taken from me—Heigho!" She raised a miniature handkerchief delicately to her eyes. "When I was left alone in the world, Monsieur, my affairs were greatly involved—I had practically nothing but my resolve to succeed!"

"And the witchery of your personal attractions, Madame," said the painter politely.

"Ah!" A pensive smile rewarded him. "The business was still in its infancy, Monsieur, yet to-day I have the smartest connection in Paris. I might remove to the Rue de la Paix to-morrow if I pleased. But I say, why should I do that; I say, why a reckless rental for the sake of a fashionable address, when the fashionable men and women come to me where I am?"

"You show profound judgment, Madame," said Flamant. "Why, indeed!"

"And you, too, will show good judgment, I am convinced," continued Madame Aurore, regarding him with approval. "You have an air of intellect. If your eyebrows were elongated a fraction toward the temples, an improvement that might be effected easily enough by regular use of my '*Pommade précoce*,' which I recommend for inducing an early mustache, you would acquire the appearance of a born conqueror."

"Alas," sighed Flamant, "my finances forbid my profiting by the tip."

"Monsieur, you wrong me," murmured the specialist reproachfully. "I was speaking with no professional

intent. On the contrary, if you will permit me, I shall take joy in sending a pot to you gratis."

"Is it possible?" cried Flamant. "You would really do this for me? You feel for my sufferings so much?"

"Indeed, I regret that I cannot persuade you to reduce the sufferings," she replied. "But tell me why you have selected the vocation of a wine-merchant's clerk!"

"Fate, not I, has determined my cul-de-sac in life," rejoined her companion. "It is like this: My father, who lacks an artistic soul, consented to my becoming a painter only upon the understanding that I should gain the Prix de Rome and pursue my studies in Italy free of any further expense to him. This being arranged, he agreed to make me a minute allowance in the meanwhile. By a concatenation of catastrophes upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, the Beaux-Arts did not accord the prize to me, and at the end of last year my parent reminded me of our compact with a vigor which nothing but the relationship prevents my describing as 'inhuman.' He insisted that I must bid farewell to aspiration and renounce the brush of an artist for the quill of a clerk! Distraught, I flung myself upon my knees. I implored him to reconsider. My tribulation would have touched a rock—it even touched his heart!"

"He showed you mercy?"

"He allowed me a respite."

"It was for twelve months?"

"Precisely. What rapid intuitions you have—if I could remain in Paris we should become great friends! He allowed me twelve months' respite. If at the end of that time Art was still inadequate to supply my board and lodging, it was contracted that, without any more ado, I should resign myself to clerical employment in Nantes. The merchant there is a friend of the family, and had offered to demonstrate his friendship by paying me too little to live on. *Enfin*, Fame has continued coy. The year expires to-night. I have begged a few comrades to attend a valedictory dinner—and at the stroke of midnight, despairing I depart!"

"Is there a train?"

"I do not depart for Nantes till after breakfast to-morrow, but at midnight I depart from myself, I depart psychologically—the Achille Flamant of the Hitherto will be no more."

"I understand," said Madame Aurore, moved. "As you say, in my own way I am an artist, too. There is a bond between us. Poor fellow, it is indeed a crisis in your life!—Who put the crape bows on the bottles? They are badly tied. Shall I tie them properly for you?"

"It would be a sweet service," said Flamant, "and I should be grateful. How gentle you are to me—pomade, bows, nothing is too much for you!"

"You must give me your Nantes address," she said, "and I will post the pot without fail."

"I shall always keep it," he vowed—"not the pomade, but the pot—as a souvenir! Will you write a few lines to me at the same time?"

She hesitated. "The directions will be on the label," she said timidly.

"It was not of *my* eyebrows that I was thinking," murmured the man.

"What should I say? The latest quotation for artificial lashes, or a development in dimple culture, would scarcely be engrossing to you."

"I am inclined to believe that anything that concerned you would engross me."

Her gaze was averted, she toyed with her spoon.

"It would be so unconventional," she dreamily objected.

"To send a brief message of encouragement? Have we not talked like confidants?"

"That is queerer still."

"I admit it. Just now I was unaware of your existence, and suddenly you dominate my thoughts! How do you work these miracles, Madame? Do you know that I have an enormous favor to crave of you?"

"What, another one?"

"Actually! Is it not audacious of me? Yet for a man on the verge of parting from his identity, I venture to hope that you will strain a point."

"The circumstances are indisputably in the man's favor," she owned. "Nevertheless much depends on what the point is."

"Well, I ask nothing less than that you accept the invitation on the card that you examined. I beg you to soothe my last hours by remaining to dine."

"You Have an Air of Intellect. If Your Eyebrows Were Elongated a Fraction Toward the Temples ——"

"Oh, but really," she exclaimed, "I am afraid ——"

"You cannot urge that you are required at your *atelier* so late? And as to any social engagement, I do not hesitate to affirm that my approaching death in life puts forth the stronger claim."

"On me? When all is said, a new acquaintance!"

"What is Time?" demanded the painter; and she was not prepared with a reply.

"Your comrades will be strangers to me," she argued.

"It is a fact that now I wish they were not coming," acknowledged the host; "but they are young men of the loftiest genius, and some day it may provide a *piquante* anecdote, to relate how you met them all in the period of their obscurity."

"My friend," she said, hurt, "if I consented, it would not be to garner anecdotes."

"Ah, a million pardons," he cried; "I spoke foolishly."

"It was tactless!"

"Yes—I am a man. Do you forgive?"

"Yes—I am a woman. Well, I must take my bonnet off!"

"Oh, you are not a woman, but an angel! What beautiful hair you have! And your hands, how I should love to paint them!"

"I have painted them myself—with many preparations. My hands have known labor, believe me. They have washed up plates and dishes, and often the dishes had provided little to eat."

"Poor girl! One would never suspect that you had struggled like that!"

"How feelingly you say it! There have been few to show me sympathy. Oh, I assure you, my life has been a hard one—it is a hard one now, in spite of my success. Constantly, when customers moan before my mirrors, I envy them, if they did but know it. I think, 'Yes, you have a double chin, and your eyes have lost their fire, and nasty, curly little veins are spoiling the pallor of your nose; but you have the affection of husband and child, while *I* have nothing but fees!' What is my destiny? To hear great-grandmothers grumble because I cannot give them back their girlhood for a hundred francs! To devote myself to making other women beloved, while *I* remain lonely in my shop!"

"Honestly, my heart aches for you! If I might presume to advise, I would say, 'Do not allow the business to absorb your youth, Madame—you were meant to be worshiped!' And yet, while I recommend it, I confess I hate to think of another man worshiping you!"

"Why should you care, my dear? But there is no likelihood of that. I am far too busy to seek worshipers. Apropos, an idea has just occurred to me, which might be advantageous to us both. If you could inform your father that you would be able to earn rather more next year by remaining in Paris than by going to Nantes, would it be satisfactory?"

"Satisfactory?" ejaculated Flamant. "It would be ecstatic! But how shall I acquire such information?"

"Would you like to paint a couple of portraits of me?"

"I should like to paint a thousand!"

"My establishment is not a picture gallery. Listen! I offer you a commission for two portraits—one, present day, let us say, moderately attractive ——"

"I decline to say it!"

"No matter. The other, depicting my faded aspect before I discovered the priceless secrets of the treatment that I practice in the Rue Baba. I shall hang them both in the reception-room. I must look at least a decade older in the 'Before' than in the 'After,' and it must, of course, present the appearance of having been painted some years ago. That can be faked?"

"Perfectly!"

"You accept?"

"I embrace your feet! You have saved my life, you have preserved my hopefulness, you have restored my youth."

"It is my profession to preserve and restore."

"Oh, *mon Dieu!*" gasped Flamant, in a paroxysm of adoration. "Aurore, I can no longer refrain from avowing that ——"

At this instant the door opened, and there entered solemnly nine young men, garbed in such habiliments of woe as had never before been seen perambulating, save on the figures of undertakers. The foremost bore a wreath of immortelles, which he laid in devout silence on the table.

"Permit me," said Flamant, recovering himself by a stupendous effort. "Monsieur Tricotrin, the poet—Madame Aurore."

"Enchanted!" said the poet, in lugubrious tones. "I have a heavy cold, thank you, owing to my having passed the early hours of Christmas Day on a bench, in default of a bed. It is superfluous to inquire as to the health of Madame."

"Monsieur Goujaud, a colleague."

"Overjoyed!" responded Goujaud, with a violent sneeze.

"Goujaud was with me," explained Tricotrin.

"Monsieur Pitou, the composer."

"I am honored! I trust Badabé is dot dervous of gerbs? There is dothidg to fear," said Pitou.

"So was Pitou!" added Tricotrin.

"Monsieur Sanquereau, the sculptor, Monsieur Lajeunie, the novelist," continued the host. But before he could present the rest of the company, Brochat was respectfully intimating to the widow that her position in the Weeping Alone apartment was now untenable. He was immediately commanded to lay another cover.

"Madame and comrades," declaimed Tricotrin, unrolling a voluminous manuscript, as they took their seats around the hors-d'œuvres, "I have composed for this piteous occasion a brief poem."

"I must beseech your pardon," stammered Flamant, rising in deep confusion. "I have nine apologies to tender. Gentlemen, this touching wreath for the tomb of my career finds the tomb unready. These affecting garments, which you have hired at, I fear, ruinous expense, should be exchanged for bunting. That immortal poem with which our friend would favor us has been suddenly deprived of all its point."

"Explain, explain!" volleyed from nine throats.

"I shall read it," insisted Tricotrin. "It is good."

"The lady—nay, the goddess—whom you behold has showered commissions, and for one year more I shall still be in your midst. Brothers in art, brothers in heart, I ask you to charge your glasses and let your voices ring. The toast is, 'Madame Aurore and her gift of the New Year!'"

"Madame Aurore and her gift of the New Year!" shrieked the nine young men, springing to their feet.

"In a year much may happen," said the lady.

And when they had all sat down again, Flamant was thrilled to find her hand in his beneath the table.

"Monsieur Tricotrin, the Poet —Madame Aurore"

THE COLLIE OF THE PLAINS

By Archibald Lacy Camp

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

"You Poor Little Cuss"

THE May sun poured its straight beams upon the brown earth of the Colorado plains. The pale, new grass blades stretched upward in riotous growth. A herd of sheep, like a white wave, rolled across this green-tinted sea, cropping eagerly. The figure of the herder cut the level horizon. By his side, alert and watchful, paced a sable collie, whose first thought was of obedience to the herder; second, care for the herd; and third, the litter of month-old puppies at the camp.

"Lone Jack" Bolles, owner of the L. J. brand, the bearers of which were ranging in the Chalk Bluffs country, some forty miles to the north, regarded the sheep.

"That's the devil of a business," he soliloquized, as the long lope of the cow-pony left the herd behind.

Outside the sheep-camp hut where the sun was hottest the sheep-dog's pups were sleeping the hours away. One, awakening, sat upright and blinked its young eyes in the strong light. High up in the blue of the sky, higher yet than the thin cloud-veil, an eagle, soaring and searching its level hunting ground for careless prey, saw the puppy and, like a shot, dropped. The puppy shrieked, the eagle's wings beat vigorously; then, with even stroke, it bore the screaming victim away. The pup was heavy, yet the eagle journeyed in steady flight, scarcely clearing the sage-brush, so low it flew to take advantage of the density of the lower atmosphere.

Lone Jack's soft whistle ceased as his quick ears caught the wail of the tortured puppy. He saw the burdened eagle approaching, and as the bird slightly swerved the ever-ready six-shooter sent a leaden messenger hissing among its feathers. The frightened eagle dropped its prey, and the feathers, floating lazily, settled near the puppy, which had fallen gasping to the earth.

Jack picked it up. "No bones broke, I reckon," he said caressingly. "You poor little cuss," he continued, as the puppy crept tremblingly closer. "You'll be my dog from now on, and right here I'll name you Claws, to remind me of that eagle."

Into each dog's life there enters one human being who means more to it than anything else. So it was with Claws. As they rode together, he and his master, the sun went down and purple gloaming settled on the solemn plain.

Night came, and the level valley of the Crow was asleep in the moonlight. A tethered pony cropped the dew-moist grass. Wrapped in the saddle blankets, with the puppy cuddling at his breast, the cowboy slept.

By a cow-trail through the opening made by the water a tired pony bearing Lone Jack and Claws arrived at Jack's home on the Gerry Creek, and here were the days of the dog's puppyhood spent. Jack and his visiting cowboys were his companions, the L. J. cattle and horses his friends.

Nor was he wholly care-free, for he had duties. The cañon of the Gerry, where it entered the plain, was the gateway to the hills where Lone Jack's cattle ranged. Claws was early taught to keep these in and also prevent other brands from entering.

Hardly a week passed that Jack was not absent for at least one day or night. At such times Claws was the sole occupant of the cabin.

These were lonely days, and their greater portion was spent upon the butte between the valley and the plain, whose flat top offered a pleasant place to lie, commanding as it did the surrounding landscape. To the north the hilltops reflected the sunlight, and sombre shadows nestled in their depths, where pines and cedars whispered mysteriously. On the south the shimmering plain was ever waiting, monotonous, unvarying, yet ever changing as the sun ascended or declined, or cloudshades raced across the greasewood-covered flats. The penciled streams were marked by lonesome trees.

The snow-capped mountains, purple based, made the western horizon, to which Claws' eyes most often turned, to scan the verging trail that Jack would follow from Cheyenne.

This he faced on one September day with his chin upon the ground between his outstretched paws. No prowling cattle sought to enter or escape. Presently, he arose with outstretched muzzle, testing the air. A pregnant breath gave him the cause. A prowling coyote crossing the valley had caught the silhouette of the dog. One motionless moment, then he broke for the north and up the hillside. At this evidence of fear Claws barked gleefully. Up and up sped the runner until it fancied itself out of gunshot. No bullets had cut the sod beneath the hurrying feet, and so the coyote checked its speed and surveyed the background. No man was in sight. No longer panic-stricken the animal arose and came trotting back. Claws became apprehensively silent. The swift wolf gait soon brought the enemy between the cabin and the butte. This was alarming, for the chances of reaching the cabin's friendly shelter were meagre, and the coyote's changed front was not reassuring. The wicked eyes gloatingly rested on the shivering puppy.

Claws could endure no more. One hasty glance to westward, a despairing wail, and in sheer desperation he charged the yellow peril. They collided on the bluff's edge. The dog's momentum precipitated the two down the hillside, rolling and snarling, to its base.

Twenty feet had Claws to the good, when he regained his feet. It was little enough, but he made the best use possible of it, for he ran as never before. The "pad" of the pursuing footsteps spurred to the limit his latent energy. Almost had he reached the cabin, whose welcoming door was yawning in the sunlight, when the expected happened. His young flesh was nipped sharply, and he was thrown headlong. Again and again, he was bitten and thrown, ever nearer, until the door was reached. A last murderous slash on the very threshold, and Claws was safe.

When Jack returned he found in a corner of the cabin a dejected creature, whimpering from pain and burning with fever.

When Claws' wounds were healed the snow lay white upon the ground and the cattle shivered in the unaccustomed temperature.

Then Lone Jack, with exuberant Claws bounding in the lead, rode the whitened field in search of strays that had wandered from the sheltering hills. Claws chased the awkward jack-rabbits to see their flying leaps, or flushed prairie-hens from sage-brush shelters and drove his muzzle deeply in the tracks of the gray wolf, that had hunted in the darkness, breathing the strong odor left therein. Together they examined the carcasses of cattle, visible for miles in contrast to the white surrounding, to see if the shriveling hides bore the L. J. iron's imprint. Near some of these Jack exposed the hidden trap in patient waiting for the touch of an unwary paw, and taught the observant Claws their evil portent by releasing the spring that held the straining jaws, and held them to the sensitive nose that he might scent the metal. Jack struck him lightly with the wooden clog that that, too, might tell of the waiting enemy. No need had he to tell the dog the traps' owner, for there lingered on them yet the scent of an occasional visitor of the ranch much disliked by Claws, one Ed Flynn, trapper, cowboy, drunkard and all-around bad man. Another danger more subtle was the strychnine-poisoned meat or tallow, temptingly displayed by pelt and bounty hunters. By bitter experience Claws learned of this danger and narrowly escaped death.

So two years passed and Claws reached maturity, sound and strong of limb. He had met in battle the dogs of the ranches and in Cheyenne, where once he had gone. Victory had rested with him always, for he fought as the wolf fights, using the snapping stroke, into which is thrown the entire bodily strength, forcing the fangs so deep that the red gums flatten with the impact. He knew to grasp the foreleg and feel the bones crunch, keeping his own free from danger the meanwhile.

He could slit the heels of a bronco and avoid the answering kick, lightning-like in its swiftness, or tear ragged wounds in fleeing cattle. Naught he now feared save the great gray wolf, and man with his deadly gun.

II

ED FLYNN unsaddled and "picketed" his horse at Lone Jack's ranch at midday. Its owner and the dog were absent, but the unlocked cabin was free to any who might come. Ed was "broke" and hungry. His blood-shot eyes and trembling hands told a tale of lengthy debauch. While preparing a meal a letter addressed to the ranchman and lying upon the table arrested his attention. This he read as the cooking progressed. It told of a home in the East where an aged couple dwelt and of family affairs and neighborhood news. Near the finish Ed read: "Father is very feeble. We are uneasy about him. He longs to see you again. Can you not come soon? If not for good, at least for a long visit." It was signed "Sister."

Ed's sinister features wrinkled in thought. After eating he unstrapped the Winchester from the saddle lying in the yard and filled the magazine from a cartridge-box taken from the saddle-bags. Next he "circled," looking intently at the ground the while.

When he found the fresh imprints of a horse's feet he followed them toward the outlet to the plain. On nearing the cañon he diverged and climbed the steep hillside, and hid among the rocks. With a cat's patience he passed the hours that followed.

The sun was near its setting and only lighted the topmost crags of the buttes when the thud of unshod hoofs reached him. Then, around the turn, came the head of the pony, and close at heel was Claws.

A flash illuminated the darkening rocks, accompanied by a deafening report. The arms of the pony's rider uprose spasmodically, as he swayed backward. The startled pony wheeled, and Jack's body pitched forward and struck the earth. So intent was Flynn upon the shot's effect that he started at the echo. The pony galloped toward the corral, with the bridle reins entwining and releasing its forelegs.

At the unexpected report Claws crouched in fear, then bounded to the silent, outstretched figure of his master. A second shot and the dog fell yelping with pain, but, regaining its feet, sped down the trail to the plain. A long

mark, red and raw, forming a lane through the sable coat of his back, told how near he had been to the great gate just opened to his only friend.

That night Lone Jack's body found a resting-place beneath the sandy bed of the flowing stream. The blood-stains on the trail were removed.

Some time during the night a dog upon the flat-topped butte sent forth in mournful tones the anguish of its soul. The kindly hills resang it softly amid their depths. From the cabin a leaden messenger shrieked through the darkness, cutting a pathway to the hill-top. In terror the mourner vanished into the friendly gloom and fled far back where grew the cedars and the pines among the hills.

Ed spent little of his time on the Gerry ranch. Solitude and guilt are but poor companions. Instead, he sought company at the neighboring ranches, claiming to have purchased the L. J. brand, exhibiting in evidence a bill of sale, and the letter, which he claimed caused the sale. He would have gathered and sold the cattle at once, but feared to act hastily.

To avert a possible visit from Jack's relatives he learned to imitate his chirography, and sent letters in the dead man's name to the Eastern home. He told of plans for a change of range, of another home to be established. He gave his new post-office address as Pine Bluffs, instead of the former one of Cheyenne. So he was enabled to receive letters addressed to Jack without awakening suspicion.

Claws, thrown upon his own resources, led a life as wild as that of the prairie wolves. Like them, he slept by day, hiding among the rocks. At night he hunted. He lived in constant fear of Ed Flynn. The once rollicking, full-fed dog, care-free and fearless, was now a wolflike, slinking beast, with low-hanging tail and erect ears. His senses had become acute; a movement of a cedar bough, the distant neigh of a horse, a stone dislodged, a breath of pregnant air—any one of these might mean his undoing. His visits to the cabin's vicinity were only under cover of the night.

One evening as he crouched close to the earth he heard a strange footfall. His strained gaze battled with the darkness, and saw a shape approaching. It took the form of a wolf. The wind had told it of the dog's presence. The padded feet came swiftly and silently, yet the late experiences had so quickened Claws' hearing that each footstep was as a muffled drum. Even the scuff of uplifting was audible. Claws merely sunk the closer as the stranger advanced, and eyed his wild brother, now motionless, a few feet distant.

He was a magnificent beast, larger than any dog, with massive head, broad between the pricked ears, and long and pointed jaws upheld by a neck as large around as Claws' body at the chest, surrounded by a collar of hair, long, soft and almost white; yellow-brown eyes, luminous and intelligent. Curiosity satisfied, the great tail oscillated majestically: a canine signal significant of peace.

The flattened head of Claws uprose in wonder that this creature should offer friendship. Further yet in amity came the wolf. This time it was a muscular convulsion; an incipient leap or bound, in which the feet remained stationary. This was language intelligible to the most ignorant of dogs.

In great relief Claws uprose, swaying his signal brush in pleased recognition of the courtesy. An understanding being established, the new friends retraced the wolf's trail to a quarry, yet warm, from which he had lately dined. Claws fell to, ravenously tearing and gulping. His host meanwhile, gravely seated, viewed the feast with interest. Back to the hills in comradeship returned the new firm of Claws & Co. as the daylight chased the shadows from the plain.

Thus was a new era of the dog's life opened. Easily he became adapted to environment. His days of human companionship; his care and faithfulness toward defenseless livestock that was property of their common master, and carried to such an extent that starvation be borne rather than harm be offered them, were forgotten or ignored as if they had never existed, as he helped his partner pull down the branded steer, in savage abandon, unsurpassed by any wolf of the plain.

By day the two slept in safety, hidden among the rocks. The nights were passed upon the open. The generous diet so easy to procure with the wolf's aid brought strength and fullness to Claws' gaunt frame. The long journeys of twenty, thirty or forty

He had Learned of the Shadow Always Following

miles between sun and sun lent hardness to his sinews. The battles with half-wild cattle and horses developed strength of jaw and suppleness of body. These engagements were to the wolf as killing is to the professional hunter—a mere matter of business which he executed carefully and with method. To the awakened wildness of the dog they were an intoxication. Without the wolf's aid he could not have killed the cattle for lack of power to inflict a fatal wound. But, if the flesh was weak, the spirit was more than willing, and earnestly he strove to imitate.

And now the early teachings of Lone Jack concerning traps and poison became of the utmost importance. For as the numerous carcasses of their victims dotted the range, the ranchmen resorted to both. The kill would hardly cool before the wolf-trap with the clog attached was placed. His partner was not wise to the trap, except when it retained the man-scent, but Claws was warned by the scent of iron as well. He knew also that an exposed clog meant a concealed trap. By dragging the clog it and its chain came forth. This he did and taught his friend their danger. He taught him of the poison as well.

The efficacy of six-shooters and the lariat was known from observation during his domesticity, as also that dog, wolf or coyote could not compete with the sure-footed cow-pony in point of speed. Therefore, no portion of the daylight was spent upon the open. While the days were passed among the pines and rocks he was safe, more wary than his new-found comrade. He kept so closely hidden that no man's eyes rested upon him except Ed Flynn's.

III

WINTER with its snows came again. The season's wolf cubs were large enough to hunt with the bands then forming. Through the springtime or in summer the gray wolf hunts singly or in pairs, its prey then being principally calves, young rabbits or antelope fawns. As the cold increases the wolves band together the better to cope with cattle which have done likewise.

So now others had sought the company of Claws and his friend until a strong band found safety in the sandstone cañons. Telltale signs were left as they journeyed to and fro. These told a familiar story to the practiced eye of Ed Flynn. Hidden beneath the dry earth of wind-swept spots or concealed by a cover of powdery snow, his traps lay in wait upon the trails for some unfortunate foot to loose the spring. So deftly were they hidden that the yellow, watchful eyes would never find them. The earth or snow covers held the scent of metal from the air. No bait was used to awaken suspicion in experienced minds. Claws alone suspected danger, for his nostrils told him that Ed had been there and *that* presence meant danger. Night after night the dog led the band in safety, for, at the first intimation of danger, he left the trail, and the others followed on the new and rougher route. But as time passed and nothing occurred to strengthen the leader's suspicions, his followers became careless and again followed the smooth and easily-traveled paths. Claws' partner was the first victim of the patient trap. At the sound of the springing jaws the big wolf leaped. One sinewy foot was all that remained between the jaws. His companions scurried with upstanding bristles to the hillside and from there watched the strong beast fight this new, silent enemy. Fiercely his gleaming tusks grated on the hard metal, until the trampled snow grew red from the blood of lacerated gums. In savage anger and unreasoning fear at this mysterious thing that held so silently and yet with a strength defying a power sufficient almost to have drawn the carcass of a horse, the wolf dashed in all directions, dragging the trap's clog through an upraised cloud of snow.

No flesh could stand for long the mighty strain to which his had been subjected, and at last his struggles ceased and he lay panting and spent, the silver-gray fur, wet and stained, clinging to his steaming body. Yet the lambent eyes glowed defiantly, showing a spirit unsubdued. Soon he arose and stood shiveringly, for the bitter cold had changed his wet coat to an armor of ice. A faint light whitened the eastern horizon, and the wind of the dawn sighed through the hills. His wolf brothers, like the shadows, retreated to hidden lairs for the day's rest. Their voices came to the captive, mellowed by distance, as with uplifted muzzles they sang to the god of day.

Claws alone, of all the band, stayed near the unfortunate. By sign and sound he had expressed his sympathy, yet keeping beyond range of those desperate, unreasoning jaws. Now that the half-frozen wolf's growls of rage had subsided, he came close and smelled the trap and imprisoned paw. The violent struggles had broken the bone. Only the powerful sinews and thick skin were holding. Circulation had ceased from pressure and the enclasped part was frozen solidly. Under the steel jaws went Claws' pointed nose, touching the frozen flesh, his eyes meanwhile searching the massive countenance above. He had a wholesome respect for the jaws that could crush his skull like an eggshell. But, as on their introduction, an understanding was established, and the dog's teeth cut away the protruding part without angry demonstration from the prisoner.

As the trap fell away a man's footsteps could be heard, crunching the complaining snow, and the stench of Flynn, the trapper, was upon the air. As the near sunbeams gilded the topmost leaves of the pine trees, the pair stealthily passed from sight.

Ed caught a brief glimpse of a sable collie with raised bristles, snarling, back-drawn lips and bared white teeth. So full of hate and defiance were the eyes that, brave though he was, he shuddered.

When spring came the wolves disbanded. Following the law, each sought its mate. Claws chose a bride from the gray tribe. A den was sought and the wolf mother brought forth her young. Those were happy, busy days for Claws, killing lavishly in company with his mate to feed the cubs. Faithfully he did his part. Proudly he looked upon the whelps when they ventured from the dark safety of the den to blink upon the sunlit ledge. With cocked ears and waving tail the father examined each clumsy member with admiring eyes and pointed nose.

When the pups grew older the parents came to them only by night, for the nursing days of a wolf cub are few. One day through the hills rode Ed. His sure-footed pony followed a crooked cow-trail. The man's eyes, casually scanning the dusty path, noted the fresh wolf sign. Wild lore told him of the proximity of a den. That meant

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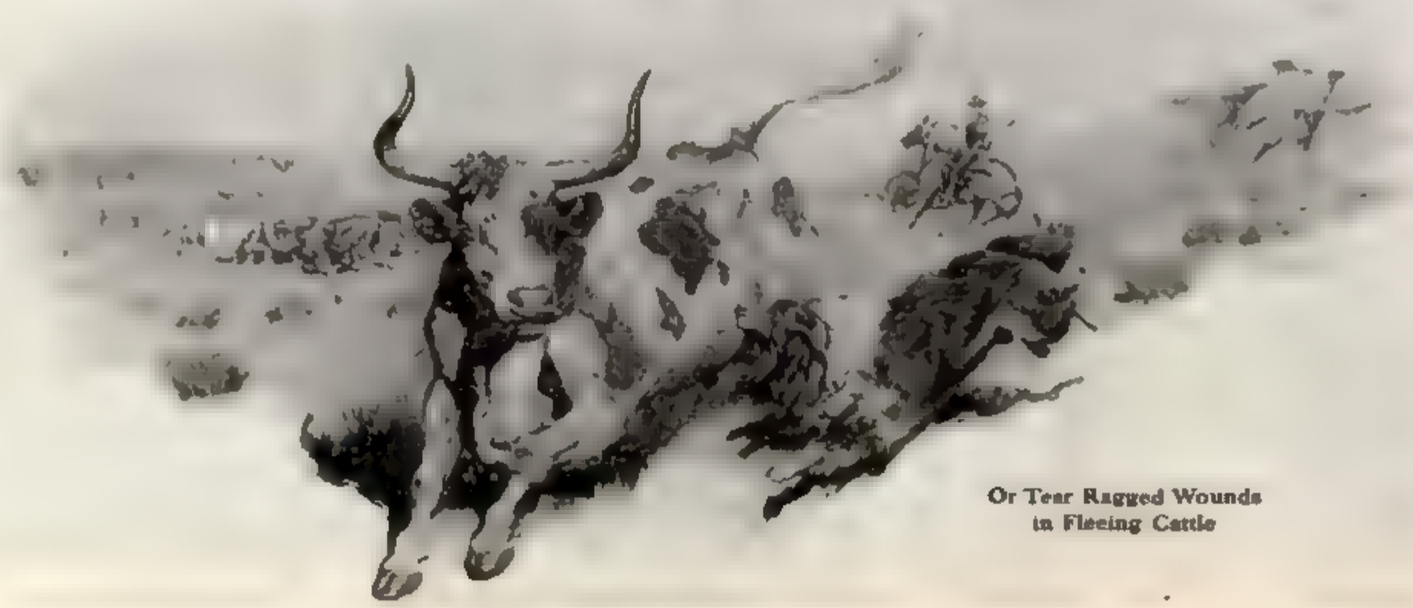


Or Tear Ragged Wounds in Fleeing Cattle

MAN TO MAN IN BUSINESS

The Personal Element and What it Brings About

The Guerrilla Demanded His Watch and Money, and Then Wanted to Know if He was an Abolitionist

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

BROADLY speaking, the personal equation is that Something in a man that makes him effective in managing other men—and even women occasionally.

It is the difference between the fellow who lets a political club, a military company or a factory force go all to pieces, and some other fellow who can put the pieces together again, or rather, draw them together instantly. For the man who reorganizes without this Something is like the chap who cleans his own clock—he usually has a few pieces of the organization left over because they wouldn't fit in anywhere. The personal equation is magnetic. It comes along and acts, and every part falls into place, and the organization is capable of performing a lot of new functions.

Is this Something born in men, or can it be acquired?

Not one person in five hundred possesses the faculty. Those who don't, like to comfort themselves with the assurance that it is a gift which Providence forgot to hand out to them. Innumerable stories grow up around the man who does possess it. One glance from his eagle eye, people say, and he reads you through. One word, and he enforces instant obedience. Even in his cradle it was clear that he was a born leader. Nothing can withstand his iron will. And so forth. Thus the personal equation is considerably glorified and mystified. But men who really have this valuable Something seldom make much mystery about it. Instead of a Heaven-born gift, they insist it is largely a matter of common-sense. Anybody might do it—and then, probably, they lay down a few axioms to explain how they do it themselves. But the axioms are often pure platitude, and do not explain.

We purpose to look into a few stories about this Something at work, and to squeeze out its secret—if there is a secret. We shall at least find what appear to be principles underlying it. The man who has the Something doesn't always know the principles. A man who mastered the principles wouldn't necessarily acquire the Something. But he would have an understanding of it that might enable him to acquire it in time.

In the first place, the personal equation has an interesting way of raising moral issues.

One morning, in August, 1863, a young clergyman was called out of bed in a hotel at Lawrence, Kansas. He had arrived from New England the day before, and was tired. But there was no possibility of turning over and going to sleep again, because the man who called him was one of Quantrell's guerrillas, and he wanted him to get right up, and hurry downstairs, and be shot. All over the border town that morning people were being murdered. A band of raiders had ridden in early to perpetrate the historic Lawrence massacre.

Putting It Up to the Other Man

THE guerrilla who called the clergyman was impatient. The latter, when fully awake, was horrified by what he saw going on through his window. As he came downstairs the guerrilla demanded his watch and money, and then wanted to know if he was an abolitionist. The clergyman was trembling. But he decided that if he was to die then and there it would not be with a lie on his lips. So he said, Yes, he was! and followed up the admission with a remark that immediately turned the whole affair into another channel.

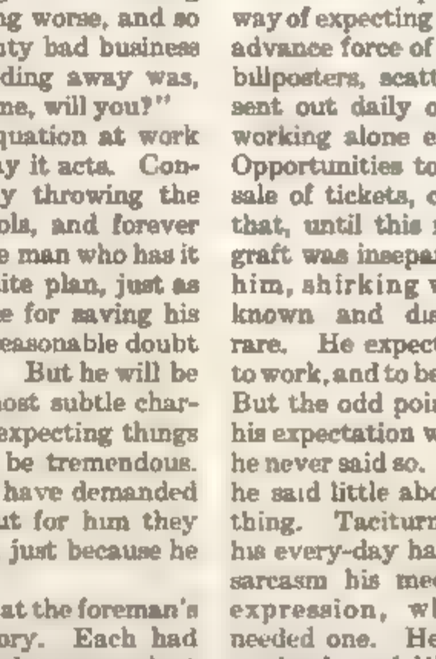
He and the guerrilla sat down on the porch, while people were being killed through the town, and had a long talk. It lasted until the raiders were ready to leave. When the clergyman's guerrilla mounted to join his confederates he was strictly on the defensive. He handed back the New Englander's valuables, and apologized for disturbing him, and asked to be thought well of.

That clergyman lived many years after the Lawrence massacre. What did he say to the guerrilla? What was there in his personality that led the latter to sit down and talk? What did they talk about?

"Are you a Yankee abolitionist?" the guerrilla had asked.

"Yes—I am," was the reply. "And you know very well that you ought to be ashamed of what you're doing."

This drew the matter directly to a moral issue. It brought the guerrilla up roundly. Dozens of men had been shot that morning, many pleading for life, but evidently none had given an opinion of their murderers. The clergyman gave an opinion. He was only a stripling beside this seasoned border-ruffian—just an ultra-intellectual "sky pilot" from the effete East, steeped in Carlyle and Emerson along with his theology. But he threw a burden of moral proof on to the raider, and in a moment the latter was trying to demonstrate that he might be a better fellow than circumstances seemed to indicate.



Taking the No. 7 Man into a Corner, He Told Him Impressively that He was a No. 9, and Promoted Him on the Spot

A Trout in the Milk

CIRCUMSTANCES were certainly against him. If ever a trout was caught in the milk, he was one. Yet after waking this New Englander to kill him on account of his politics, he spent twenty minutes on the witness-stand trying to prove an alibi. He tried to show that he wasn't the sort of fellow who regularly followed that sort of business. He went into his own personal history at length, and this was what they talked about. He explained matters from the time when he had been a tough little kid who wouldn't say his prayers, and became quite sentimental in recalling how one thing had led to another, and that to something worse, and so on, until—well, here he was, and a mighty bad business to be in, pardner. His last request in riding away was, "Now, pardner, don't think too hard of me, will you?"

A little observation of the personal equation at work will show that this is pretty much the way it acts. Consciously or unconsciously, it is eternally throwing the burden of proof on the people it controls, and forever raising moral issues. The man who has it may operate by no definite plan, just as this clergyman had none for saving his own life when he cast a reasonable doubt on the guerrilla's morals. But he will be confidence-man of the most subtle character. His capacity for expecting things of those under him will be tremendous. Subordinates may never have demanded much of themselves. But for him they will accomplish wonders, just because he expects them.

Three men were placed at the foreman's desk of a growing factory. Each had technical knowledge enough to run a plant three times the size. But all failed. The first was an autocrat who tried to boss from a pedestal, and the men didn't like him. The next was a politician whom the men liked thoroughly which was his shortcoming, for he tried to run the place as they thought it should be run. As for the third, he tried to run it on nerves, to do everything himself to be everywhere at once. He didn't fail, really—he snapped like a fiddlestring. By that time working tension was relaxed and production wobbling on the down-peak. Nobody knew who was in charge, or what would happen.

This Order was Obeyed in Astonishment

Then along came a fourth candidate with an abnormally developed bump of expectation. He knew how to approve and encourage. Sometimes he said, pleasantly, "I know *you* could do that, Bill." Again, he put it ironically in what has been called the English form, "Really, old chap, but I didn't think you had it in you, by Jove!" But his strong point was expectation. With apparent recklessness he gave out work two sizes too large for everybody. If a subordinate was a No. 7 man he handed him a No. 9 job as a matter of course, and usually the latter grew up to it. The politician had tried this same scheme, but introduced it backward. Taking the No. 7 man into a corner, he told him impressively that he was a No. 9, and promoted him on the spot, and warned him to say nothing about it to anybody else. Then the man tried to swell to fit the office instead of growing to fit the work. But this fourth candidate made everybody see that doing No. 9 was more creditable than just being it. So everybody became interested in the work, and nothing else.

There was another suggestive point. Taking charge after three foremen had failed, the factory was naturally full of nasty cliques, each with its unhealthy private interest. The new man broke up these cliques in three days by introducing a new interest so big that it swallowed all the little interests, like Aaron's rod. That interest was, to turn out work of such quality and in such quantity that the factory could get contracts in competition with an older rival, and provide steady employment. To save the cat he drowned her kittens.

These were his methods. But it took a temperament to apply them. The personal equation is, perhaps, made clearer by a musical comparison. This foreman's temperament happened to be tuned in a genial, virile key. But another man will play exactly the same tune in an eccentric, misanthropic *B flat minor*.

Playing Up the Thinking Part

THERE died not long ago a circus advance manager whose bump of expectation was even larger. But his way of expecting wonders was wholly silent and ironic. The advance force of a large circus comprises about a hundred billposters, scattered over several States. Each man is sent out daily on a wagon trip of forty to sixty miles, working alone except for his driver, who is a stranger. Opportunities to shirk are wide. Chances for dishonest sale of tickets, charging false expenses, etc., are so many that, until this manager took hold, it was thought that graft was inseparable from circus billposting. But under him, shirking was unknown and dishonesty rare. He expected men to work, and to be square. But the odd point about his expectation was, that he never said so. In fact, he said little about anything. Taciturnity was his every-day habit, and sarcasm his medium of expression, when he needed one. He seldom praised, and likewise, seldom blamed. But he did do a prodigious amount of thinking, and men under him were kept in the straight path of industry and honesty by what they knew he *thought*. This influence was so potent that weak and crooked men fairly withered up under it.

(Continued on Page 29)

Taciturnity was His Every-Day Habit, and Sarcasm His Medium of Expression

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER XXVII

THE rain continued the following day. Piloted by Malcourt, the Tressilvains, thickly shod and waterproofed, tramped about with rod and creel and returned for luncheon, where their blunt criticisms on the fishing aroused Portlaw's implacable resentment. For they sneered at the trout, calling them "char," patronized the rather scanty pheasantry, commented on the kennels, stables and gardens in a manner that brought the red into Portlaw's face and left him silent while luncheon lasted.

After luncheon Tressilvain tried the billiards, but found the game inferior to the English game. So he burrowed into a box of cigars, established himself before the fire with all the newspapers, deploring the fact that the papers were not worth reading.

Lady Tressilvain cornered Shiela and badgered her and stared at her until she dared not lift her hot face or open her lips lest the pent resentment escape; Portlaw smoked a pipe—a sure indication of smouldering wrath; Malcourt, at a desk, blew clouds of smoke from his cigarette and smilingly continued writing to his attorney:

This is the general idea for the document, and it's up to you to fix it up and make it legal, and have it ready for me when I come to town.

1st. I want to leave all my property to a Miss Dorothy or Dolly Wilming; and I want you to sell off everything after my death and invest the proceeds for her, because it's all she'll have to live on except what she gets by her own endeavors. This, in case I suddenly snuff out.

2d. I want to leave my English riding-crop, spurs, bridle and saddle to a Miss Virginia Suydam. Fix it legally.

3d. Here is a list of eighteen ladies. Each is to have one of my eighteen Chinese gods.

4th. To my wife I leave the nineteenth god. Mr. Hamil has it in his possession. I have no right to dispose of it, but he will have some day.

5th. To John Garret Hamil, 3d, I leave my volume of Jean Dumont, the same being an essay on Friendship.

6th. To my friend, William Van Buren Portlaw, I leave my dogs, rods and guns with a recommendation that he use them and his legs.

7th. To my sister, Lady Tressilvain, I leave my book of comic Bridge rules, and to her husband a volume of Methodist hymns.

I'll be in town again shortly, and expect you to have my will ready to be signed and witnessed. One ought always to be prepared, particularly when in excellent health.

Yours sincerely,

LOUIS MALCOURT.

P. S. I inclose a check for the Greenlawn Cemetery people. I wish you'd see that they keep the hedge properly trimmed around my father's plot and renew the dead sod where needed. I noticed that one of the trees was also dead. Have them put in another and keep the flowers in good shape. I don't want anything dead around that lot. L. M.

When he had sealed and directed his letter he looked around the silent room. Shiela was sewing by the window Portlaw, back to the fire, stood staring out at the rain; Lady Tressilvain, a cigarette between her thin lips, wandered through the workshop and loading-room where, from hooks in the ceiling, a thicket of split-cane rod-joints hung, each suspended by a strong thread.

The loading-room was lined with glass-faced cases containing fowling-pieces, rifles, reels and the inevitable cutlery and ironmongery associated with utensils for the murder of wild creatures. Tressilvain sat at the loading-table to which he was screwing a delicate vise to hold hooks; for Malcourt had given him a lesson in fly-tying, and he meant to dress a dozen to try on Painted Creek.

So he sorted shell and hook and explored the tin trunk for hackles, silks and feathers, up to his bony wrists in the fluffy heap of brilliant plumage, burrowing, busy as a burying beetle under a dead bird.

Malcourt dropped his letter into the post-box, glanced uncertainly in the direction of his wife, but, as she did not lift her head from her sewing, turned with a shrug and crossed the floor to where Portlaw stood scowling and sucking at his empty pipe.

"Look at that horrid little brother-in-law of mine with his ferret eyes and fox face, fussing around those feathers as though he had just eaten the bird that wore them!"

Portlaw continued to scowl.

"Suppose we take them on at cards?"

"No, thanks."

"Why not?"

"They've taken a thousand out of me already."

Malcourt said quietly: "You've never before given such a reason for discontinuing card-playing. What's your real reason?"

Portlaw was silent.

"Did you quit a thousand to the bad, Billy?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then why not get it back?"

"I don't care to play," said Portlaw shortly.

The eyes of the two men met.

"Are you, by any chance, afraid of our fox-faced guest?" asked Malcourt suavely.

"I don't care to give any reason, I tell you."

"That's serious, as there could be only one reason. Did you think you noticed—anything?"

"I don't know what I think. . . . I've half a mind to stop payment on that check—if that enlightens you."

"There's an easier way," said Malcourt coolly. "You know how it is in sparring? You forecast what your opponent is going to do and you stop him before he does it."

"I'm not *certain* that he—did it," muttered Portlaw. "I can't afford to make a mistake by kicking out your brother-in-law."

"Oh, don't mind me ——"

"I wouldn't if I were sure. . . . I wish I had that thousand back; it drives me crazy to think of losing it—in that way ——"

"Oh, then you feel reasonably sure ——"

"No, confound it. . . . The backs of the aces were slightly rough, but I can scarcely believe ——"

"Have you a magnifying glass?"

"The pack has disappeared."

"My dear fellow," said Malcourt calmly, "it wouldn't surprise me in the slightest to learn that Tressilvain is a blackguard. It's easy enough to get your thousand back. Shall we?"

"How?"

Malcourt sauntered over to a card-table, seated himself, motioned Portlaw to the chair opposite, and removed the cover from a new pack.

Then, to Portlaw's astonishment, he began to take aces and court cards from any part of the pack at his pleasure; any card that Portlaw called for was produced unerringly. Then Malcourt dealt him unbelievable hands—all of a color, all of a suit, all the cards below the tens, all above; and Portlaw, fascinated, watched the dark, deft fingers nimbly dealing, shuffling, until his senses spun round; and when Malcourt finally tore up all the aces, and then, ripping the green baize cover from the table, disclosed the four aces underneath, intact, Portlaw, petrified, only stared at him out of distended eyes.

"Those are nice tricks, aren't they?" asked Malcourt, smiling.

"Y-yes. Louis, I never dreamed you could do such devilish things as ——"

"I can. If I were not always behind you in my score I'd scarcely dare let you know what I might do if I chose. . . . How far ahead is that little mink yonder?"

"Tressilvain?"

"Yes."

"He has taken about a thousand—wait!" Portlaw consulted his notebook, made a wry face, and gave Malcourt the exact total.

Malcourt turned carelessly in his chair.

"Oh, Herbert!" he called across to his brother-in-law; "don't you and Helen want to take us on?"

"Rather!" replied Tressilvain briskly; and came trotting across the room, his close-set, black eyes moving restlessly from Malcourt to Portlaw.

"Come on, Helen," said Malcourt, drawing up a chair for her; and his sister seated herself gracefully. A moment later the game began, Portlaw passing it to Malcourt, who made it no trumps, and laid out the materials for international trouble, including a hundred aces.

The games were brutally short, savage, decisive; Tressilvain lost countenance after the fastest four rubbers he had ever played, and shot an exasperated glance at his wife, who was staring thoughtfully at her brother.

But that young man appeared to be in an innocently merry mood; he gayly taunted Herby, as he chose to call him, with loss of nerve; he tormented his sister because she didn't seem to know what Portlaw's discards meant; and no wonder, because he discarded from an obscure, alternating system taught him by Malcourt. Also, with a malice which Tressilvain ignored, he forced formalities, holding everybody ruthlessly to ironclad rule, taking penalties, enforcing the most rigid etiquette. For he was one of those rare players who knew the game so thoroughly that while he, and the man he had taught, often ignored the classics of adversary play, the slightest relaxing of etiquette or rule brought him out with a protest exacting the last toll

Portlaw was, perhaps, the sounder player, and now, for the first time since the advent of the Tressilvains, the cards Portlaw held were good ones.

"What a nasty thing to do!" said Lady Tressilvain sharply, as her brother's finesse won through.

"It was horrid, wasn't it, Helen? I don't know what's got into you and Herby"; and to the latter's protest he added pleasantly: "You talk like a bucket of ashes. Go on and deal!"

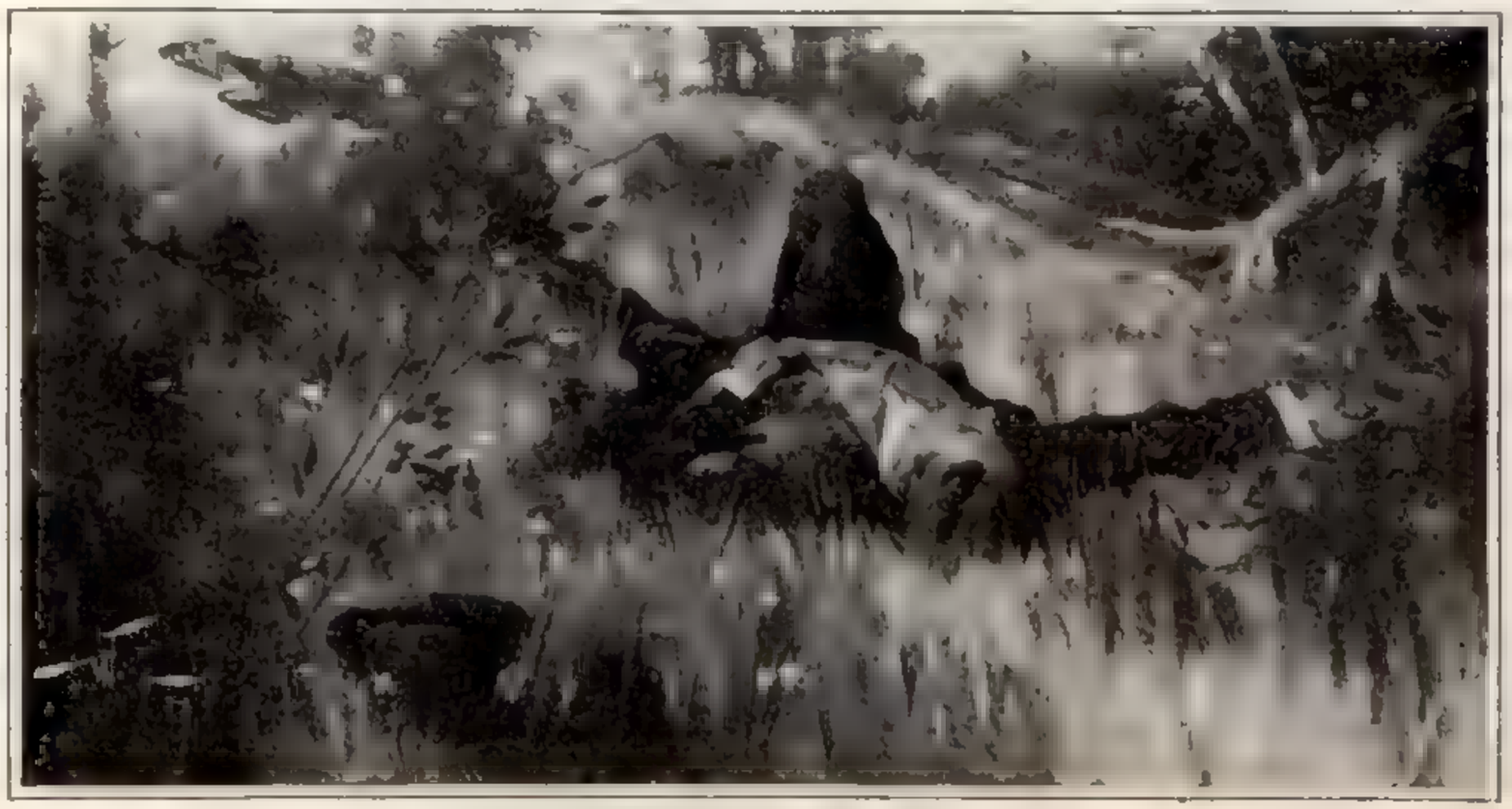
"A—what!" demanded Tressilvain angrily.

"It's an Americanism," observed his wife, surveying her cards with masked displeasure and making it spades. "Louis, I never held such hands in all my life," she said, displaying the meagre dummy.

"Do you good, Helen. Mustn't be too proud and haughty. No, no! Good for you and Herby ——"

"I wish you would not call him Herby," snapped his sister.

"Not respectful?" inquired Malcourt, lifting his eyebrows. "Well, I'll call him



But Malcourt Lay Very, Very Still

anything you like, Helen; I don't care. But make it something I can say when ladies are present ——"

Tressilvain's minklike muzzle turned white with rage. He didn't like to be flouted, he didn't like his cards, he didn't like to lose money. And he had already lost a lot between luncheon and the impending dinner.

"Why the devil I continue to hold all these three-card suits I don't know," he said savagely. "Isn't there another pack in the house?"

"There *was*," said Malcourt; and ironically condoled with him as Portlaw accomplished a little slam in hearts.

Then Tressilvain dealt; and Malcourt's eyes never left his brother-in-law's hands as they distributed the cards with nervous rapidity.

"Misdeal," he said quietly.

"What?" demanded his sister in sharp protest.

"It's a misdeal," repeated Malcourt, smiling at her; and as Tressilvain, half the pack suspended, gazed blankly at him, Malcourt turned and looked him squarely in the eye. The other reddened.

"Too bad," said Malcourt with careless good humor, "but one has to be so careful in dealing the top card, Herby. You stumble over your own fingers; they're too long; or perhaps it's that ring of yours."

A curious, almost ghastly glance passed involuntarily between the Tressilvains; Portlaw, who was busy lighting a cigar, did not notice it, but Malcourt laughed lightly and ran over the score, adding it up with a nimble accuracy that seemed to stun his relatives.

"Why, look what's here!" he exclaimed, genially displaying a total that, added, balanced all Portlaw's gains and losses to date. "Why, isn't that curious, Helen! Right off the bat like that!—cricket-bat," he explained affably to Tressilvain, who, as dinner was imminent, had begun fumbling for his checkbook.

At Malcourt's suave suggestion, however, instead of drawing a new check he returned Portlaw's check. Malcourt took it, tore it carefully in two equal parts.

"Half for you, William, half for me," he said gayly. "My—my! What strange things do happen in cards—and in the British Isles!"

The dull flush deepened on Tressilvain's averted face, but Lady Tressilvain, unusually pale, watched her brother persistently during the conversation that followed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AFTER the guests had gone away to dress Portlaw looked inquiringly at Malcourt and said: "That misdeal may have been a slip. I begin to believe I was mistaken, after all. What do you think, Louis?"

Malcourt's eyes wandered toward his wife, who still bent low over her sewing. "I don't think," he said absently, and sauntered over to Shiela, saying:

"It's rather dull for you, isn't it?"

She made no reply until Portlaw had gone upstairs; then looking around at him:

"Is there any necessity for me to sit here while you play cards this evening?"

"No, if it doesn't amuse you."

Amuse her! She rested her elbow on the window-ledge, and, chin on hand, stared out into the gray world of rain—the world that had been so terribly altered for her forever. In the room shadows were gathering; the dull light faded. Outside it rained over land and water, over the encircling forest which walled in this stretch of spectral world where the monotony of her days was spent.

To the sadness of it she was slowly becoming inured; but the strangeness of her life she could not yet comprehend—its meaningless days and nights, its dragging hours—and the strange people around her immersed in their sordid pleasures—this woman—her husband's sister, thin-lipped, hard-featured, drinking, smoking, gambling, shrill in disputes, merciless of speech, curious concerning all she held locked in the privacy of her wretchedness.

"Shiela," he said, "why don't you pay your family a visit?"

She shook her head.

"You're afraid they might suspect that you are not particularly happy?"

"Yes. . . . It was wrong to have Gray and Cecile here. It was fortunate you were away. But they saw the Tressilvains."

"What did they think of 'em?" inquired Malcourt.

"What do you suppose they would think?"

"Quite right. Well, don't worry. Hold out a little longer. This is a ghastly sort of pantomime for you, but there's always a grand transformation scene at the end. Who knows how soon the curtain will rise on fairyland and the happy lovers, and all that bright and sparkling business? Children demand it—must have it. . . . And you are very young yet."

. . . . . .

After dinner the Tressilvains and Shiela went across the lawn to their own apartments, and Malcourt went with them—to hold an umbrella over his wife.

In the lower hall they separated with scarcely a word, but Malcourt detained his brother-in-law by a significant touch on the arm, and drew him into the library.

"So you're leaving to-morrow?" he asked.

"What?" said Tressilvain.

"I say that I understand you and Helen are leaving us to-morrow."

"I had not thought of leaving," said Tressilvain.

"Think again," suggested Malcourt.

"What do you mean?"

Malcourt walked up very close and looked him in the face.

"Must I explain?" he asked contemptuously. "I will, if you like—you clumsy, card-slipping, ace-pricking blackguard! . . . The station-wagon will be ready at seven. See that you are, too. Now go and tell my sister. It may reconcile her to various ideas of mine."

And he turned and, walking to a leather-covered chair, drawn up beside the library table, seated himself and opened a heavy book.

Tressilvain stood absolutely still, his close-set eyes fairly starting from his face, in which not a vestige of color now remained; and, when at length he left the room, he left so noiselessly that Malcourt did not hear him. However, Malcourt happened to be very intent upon his own train of thought; so absorbed, in fact, that it was a long while before he looked up and around, as though somebody had suddenly spoken his name.

But it was only the voice which had sounded so often and familiarly in his ears; and he smiled and inclined his graceful head to listen, folding his hands under his chin.

He seemed very young and boyish, there, leaning both elbows on the library table, head bent expectantly as he listened, or lifted when he, in turn, spoke aloud. And sometimes he spoke gravely, argumentatively, sometimes almost flippantly, and once or twice his laugh rang out through the empty room.

In the forest a heavy wind had risen; somewhere outside a door or shutter banged persistently. He did not hear it, but Shiela, sleepless in her room above, laid down Hamil's book; then, thinking it might be the outer door left carelessly unlocked, descended the stairs with lighted candle. Passing the library and hearing voices she halted, astonished to see her husband there alone; and as she stood, perplexed and disturbed, he spoke as though answering a question. But there was no one there who could have asked it; the room was empty save for that solitary figure. Something in his voice terrified her—in the uncanny monologue which meant nothing to her—in his curiously altered laugh—in his intent listening attitude. It was not the first time she had seen him this way.

"Louis!" she exclaimed; "what are you doing?"

He turned dreamily toward her, rose as in a trance.

"Oh, is it you? . . . Come in here."

"I cannot; I am tired."

"So am I, Shiela—tired to death. What time is it?"

"After ten, I think—if that clock is right."

She entered, reluctant, uncertain, peering up at the clock; then:

"I thought the front door had been left open and came down to lock it. What are you doing here at this hour? I—I thought I heard you talking."

"I was talking to my father."

"What!" she said, startled.

"Pretending to," he added wearily; "sit down."

"Do you wish me ——"

"Yes; sit down."

"I ——" She looked fearfully at him, hesitated, and slowly seated herself on the arm of a lounge. "W-what is it you — want, Louis?" she faltered, every nerve on edge.

"Nothing much; a kindly word or two."

"What do you mean? Have I ever been unkind? I—I am too unhappy to be unkind to anybody." Suddenly her eyes filled.

"Don't do that," he said; "you are always civil to me—never unkind. By the way, my relatives leave to-morrow. That will comfort you, won't it?"

She said nothing.

He leaned heavily on the table, dark face framed in both hands.

"Shiela, when a man is really tired, don't you think it reasonable for him to take a rest—and give others one?"

"I don't understand."

"A rather protracted rest is good for tired people, isn't it?"

"Yes, if ——"

"In fact," with a whimsical smile, "a sort of endlessly eternal rest ought to cure anybody. Don't you think so?"

She stared at him.

"Do you happen to remember that my father, needing a good, long rest, took a sudden vacation to enjoy it?"

"I—I—don't know what you mean!"—tremulously.

"You remember how he started on that restful vacation which he is still enjoying?"

A shudder ran over her. She strove to speak, but her voice died in her throat.

"My father," he said dreamily, "seems to want me to join him during his vacation ——"

"Louis!"

"What are you frightened about? It's as good a vacation as any other—only one takes no luggage and pays no hotel bills. . . . Haven't you any sense of humor left in you, Shiela? I'm not serious."

She said, trembling, and very white: "I thought you meant it." Then she rose with a shiver, turned and mounted the stairs to her room again. But in the stillness of the place something was already at work on her—fear—a slow-dawning alarm at the silence, the loneliness, the forests, the rain—a growing horror of the place, of the people in it, of this man the world called her husband, of his listening silences, his solitary laughter, his words spoken to something unseen in empty rooms, his awful humor.

Her very knees were shaking under her now; she stared around her like a trapped thing, desperate, feeling that self-control was going in sudden, ungovernable panic.

Scarcely knowing what she was about she crept to the telephone and, leaning heavily against the wall, placed the receiver to her ear.

For a long while she waited, dreading lest the operator had gone. Then a far voice hailed her; she gave the name; waited interminable minutes until a servant's sleepy voice requested her to hold the wire. And, at last:

"Is it you?"

. . . . . .

"Garry, could you come here to-night?"

. . . . . .

"Danger? No, I am in no danger; I am just frightened."

. . . . . .

"I don't know what is frightening me."

. . . . . .

"No, not ill. It's only that I am so horribly alone here in the rain. I—I cannot seem to endure it." She was speaking almost incoherently now, scarcely conscious of what she was saying. "There's a man downstairs who talks in empty rooms and listens to things I cannot hear—listens every day, I tell you; I've seen him often, often—I mean Louis Malcourt! He talks with his dead father! And I cannot endure it. Oh, Garry! I cannot stand it any longer!"

. . . . .

"Will you come?"

. . . . .

"To-night, Garry?"

. . . . . .

"How long will you be? I simply cannot stay alone in this house until you come. I'll go down and saddle my mare ——"

. . . . . .

"What?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, yes—yes! I know what I'm doing ——"

. . . . . .

"Yes, I do remember, but—why won't you take me away from ——"

. . . . . .

"Oh, I know it! I am half-crazed, I think ——"

. . . . . .

"Yes ——"

. . . . . .

"I do care for them still! But ——"

. . . . . .

"Oh, Garry! Garry! I will be true to them! I will do anything you wish, only come! Come! Come!"

. . . . . .

"You promise?"

. . .

"At once?"

She hung up the receiver, turned and flung open the window.

Over the wet woods a rain-washed moon glittered; the long storm had passed.

An hour later, as she kneeled by the open window, her chin on her arms, watching for him, out of the shadow and into the full moonlight galloped a rider who drew bridle on the distant lawn, waving her gay gesture of reassurance.

It was too far for her to call; she dared not descend, fearing the dogs might wake the house.

And in answer to his confident salute she lighted a candle, and against the darkness, drew the fiery outline of a heart; then, extinguishing the light, she sank back in her big chair, watching him as he settled in his stirrups for the night-long vigil that she meant to share with him till dawn.

The whole night long! She thrilled at the thought of it—at the memory of that other night and dawn under the Southern planets where a ghostly ocean thundered at their feet—where her awakened heart quickened with the fear of him—and all her body trembled with the blessed fear of him, and every breath was delicious with terror of the man who had come this night to guard her.

Partly undressed, head cradled in her tumbled hair, she lay there in the darkness watching him—her paladin on guard beneath the argent splendor of the moon. Under the loosened clothing her heart was racing; under the unbound hair her cheeks were burning. The soft lake breeze rippled the woodbine leaves along the sill, stirring the lace and ribbon on her breast.

Hour after hour she lay there, watching him through the dreamy lustre of the moon, all the mystery of her love for him tremulous within her. Once, on the edge of sleep, yet still awake, she stretched her arms toward him in the darkness, unconsciously as she did in dreams.

Slowly the unreality of it all was enveloping her, possessed her as her lids grew heavy

In the dim, silvery light she could scarcely see him now: a frail, mist-belted horse and rider. Suddenly, within her, clear, distinct, a voice began calling to him imperiously; but her lips never moved. Yet she knew he would hear; surely he heard! Surely, surely! — for was he not already drifting toward her through the moonlight, nearer, here under the palms and orange trees — here at her feet, holding her close, safe, strong, till, faint with the happiness of dreams come true, she slept, circled by his splendid arms.

And, while she lay there, lips scarcely parted, sleeping quietly as a tired child, he sat his mud-splashed saddle, motionless under the moon, eyes never leaving her window for an instant, till at last the far dawn broke and the ghostly shadows fled away.

Then, in the pallid light, he slowly gathered bridle and rode back into the forest, head heavy on his breast.

CHAPTER XXIX

MALCOURT was up and ready before seven when his sister came to his door, dressed in her pretty blue traveling gown, hatted, veiled, gloved to perfection; but there was a bloom on cheek and mouth which mocked at the wearied eyes—a lassitude in every step as she slowly entered and seated herself

For a moment neither spoke; her brother was looking at her narrowly, and after a while she raised her veil, turning her face to the merciless morning light.

"Paint," she said; "and I'm a little older than you."

"You will be younger than I am soon."

She paled a trifle under the red.

"Are you losing your reason, Louis?"

"No, but I've contrived to lose everything else. It was a losing game from the beginning—for both of us."

"Are you going to be coward enough to drop your cards and quit the game?"

"Call it that. But the cards are marked and the game crooked—as crooked as Herby's." He began to laugh. "The world's dice are loaded; I've got enough."

"Yet you beat Bertie in spite of ——"

"For Portlaw's sake. I wouldn't fight with marked cards for my own sake. Faugh! the world plays a game too rotten to suit me. I'll drop my hand and—take a stroll for a little fresh air—out yonder ——" He waved his arm toward the rising sun. "Just a step into the fresh air."

"Are you not afraid?" She managed to form the words with stiffened lips.

"Afraid?" He stared at her. "No; neither are you. You'll do it, too, some day. If you don't want to now you will later; if you have any doubts left they won't last. We have no choice; it's in us. We don't belong here, Helen; we're different. We didn't know until we'd tried to live like other people, and everything went wrong." A glint of humor came into his eyes. "I've made up my mind that we're extra-terrestrial—something external and foreign to this particular star. I think it's time to ask for a transfer and take the star ahead."

Not a muscle moved in her expressionless face; he shrugged and drew out his watch.

"I'm sorry, Helen ——"

"Is it time to go?"

"Yes. . . . Why do you stick to that little cockney pup?"

"I don't know."

"You ruined a decent man to pick him out of the gutter. Why don't you drop him back?"

"I don't know."

"Do you—ah—care for him?"

"No"

"Then why ——"

She shook her head.

"Quite right," said Malcourt, rising; "you're in the wrong planet, too. And the sooner you realize it the sooner we'll meet again. Good-by"

She turned horribly pale, stammering something about his coming with her, resisting a little as he drew her out, down the stairs, and aided her to enter the depot-wagon. There he kissed her, and she caught him around the neck

"Nonsense," he whispered. "I've talked it all over with father; he and I'll talk it over some day with you Then you'll understand." And backing away, he called to the coachman, "Drive on!" ignoring his brother-in-law, who sat huddled in a corner, glassy eyes focused on him.

Portlaw almost capered with surprise and relief when at breakfast he learned that the Tressilvains had departed

The Games were Brutally Short

"Oh, everything is coming everybody's way," said Malcourt gayly, "like the last chapter of a bally novel the old-fashioned kind, Billy, where Nemesis gets busy with a gun and kind Providence hitches 'em up in ever-after blocks of two.

"It takes a rotten novelist to use a gun on his villains!" he went on. "It's never done in decent literature — never done anywhere except in real life."

He swallowed his coffee and, lighting a cigarette, tipped back his chair, balancing himself with one hand on the table.

"The use of the gun," he said lazily, "is obsolete in the modern novel. Personally, I remain uninterested in the modern novel."

"Real life," said Portlaw, spearing a fishball, "is monotonous. The only gun-play is in the morning papers."

"Sure," nodded Malcourt, "and there are too many shooting items in 'em every day to make gun-play available for a novel. . . . Once, when I thought I could write—just after I left college—they took me aboard a morning newspaper on the strength of a chance I had to discover a missing woman.

"She was in hiding; her name had been horribly spattered in a divorce, and the poor thing was in hiding—had changed her name, crept off to a little town in Delaware.

"Our enlightened press was hunting for her; to find her was termed a 'scoop,' I believe. . . . Well, boys pull legs off grasshoppers and do other outrageous things without thinking. . . . *I* found *her*. . . . So as I knocked at her door—in the mean little farmhouse down there in Delaware—she opened it, smiling—she was quite pretty—and killed herself before my face."

"Wh-what!" bawled Portlaw, dropping knife and fork.

"I—I want to see that girl again—some time," said Malcourt thoughtfully. "I would like to tell her that I didn't mean it—case of boy and grasshopper, you know. . . Well, as you say, gun-play has no place in real novels. There wouldn't be room, anyway, with all the literature and illustrations and purpose and purple preciousness, an anachronism as superfluous as sleigh-bells in Hades."

Portlaw resumed his egg; Malcourt considered him.

"Sporty Porty, are you going to wed the Pretty Lady of Pride's Hall at Pride's Fall some blooming day in June?"

"None of your bally business!"

"Quite so. I only wanted to see how the novel was coming out before somebody takes the book away from me."

"You talk like a pint of shoestrings," growled Portlaw; "you'd better find out whose horse has been denting the lawn all over and tearing off several yards of sod."

"I know already," said Malcourt

"Well, who had the nerve to ——"

"None of your infernal business, dear friend. Are you riding over to Pride's to-day?"

"Yes, I am."

"I think I'll go, too."

"You're not expected."

"That's the charm of it, old fellow. I didn't expect to go; they don't expect me; they don't want me; I want to go! All the elements of a delightful surprise, do you notice?"

Portlaw said irritably: "They asked Mrs. Malcourt and me. Nothing was said about you."

"Something will be said if I go," observed Malcourt cheerfully

Portlaw was exasperated. "There's a girl there you behaved badly to. You'd better stay away."

Malcourt looked innocently surprised.

"Now, who could that be! I have, it is true, at times, misbehaved, but I can't ever remember behaving badly——"

Portlaw, too mad to speak, strode wrathfully away toward the stables.

Malcourt was interested to see that he could stride now without waddling.

"Marvelous, marvelous!—the power of love!" he mused sentimentally. "Porty is no longer rotund—only majestically portly. See where he hastens lightly to his Alida!

"*Shepherd fair and maidens all—*
Too-ri-looral!
Too-ri-looral!"

And, very gracefully, he sketched a step or two in contradance to his own shadow on the grass.

"*Shepherd fair and maidens all*
Truly rural.
Too-ri-looral,
Man prefers his maidens plural;
One is none, he wants them all!
Too-ri-looral!
Too-ri-looral ——"

And he sauntered off, humming gayly, making playful passes at the trees with his riding-crop as he passed.

Later he aided his wife to mount and stood looking after her as she rode away, Portlaw pounding along heavily beside her.

"All alone with the daisies," he said, looking around him when they had disappeared.

Toward noon he ordered a horse, ate his luncheon in leisurely solitude, read yesterday's papers while he smoked,

(Continued on Page 25)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1908

The Platforms Side by Side

IT WOULD puzzle a philosopher from Mars to say just how a government strictly according to the Republican platform would differ from one strictly according to the Democratic platform.

The Democratic pronouncement favors election of Senators by the people, and says nothing about negroes. The Republican creed is silent on the former subject and eloquent on the latter. The Democrats congratulate Oklahoma and do not mention Lincoln. The Republicans congratulate Lincoln and omit Oklahoma.

Both platforms declare for immediate revision of the tariff and suggest some modification of the use of injunctions in industrial disputes.

If these are the livest "issues," because they attracted most attention, the Democrats have the advantage in respect to both of them. On both topics a definite meaning may be attached to their declaration, while no definite meaning can be extracted from the Republican declaration on either. Perhaps, however, in practical politics, that is a disadvantage.

On the subject of industrial depression the Republicans score heavily; for while the Democrats charge them with responsibility for it in only an indirect, half-hearted manner, the Republicans boldly assure the country that had the Democrats been in power the panic would have been twice as bad.

Comparison by parallel columns causes one mildly to wonder why so great pains are taken with a platform. Any intelligent clerk in either camp could have framed an equally serviceable document, with the help of scissors and paste-pot, in a couple of hours. It appears, more conclusively than ever, that the campaign is to be between Taft and Bryan.

Our Government Lottery

TO SEE the National Government conducting a lottery is displeasing to a number of people.

The suppression of private lotteries, notably the Louisiana concern, is generally regarded as one of the best uses of that same Government's police powers. If we could ever have that exact division and nice balance of power for which some constitutional minds yearn, no doubt the Department of Justice would be "pinching" the Department of the Interior for running an immoral game of chance.

Until quite recently the national domain was so extensive that anybody who chose could take a prize in it. In time—when Oklahoma was opened to settlers—there were not nearly enough prizes to go around, so the applicants were invited to scramble, rough-and-tumble, for them, the hardiest winning. The result was riotous and unseemly.

Then the Government adopted the present scheme of allotting public lands by a drawing, the luckiest winning.

The grand criticism of all the dissatisfied is exactly this: That our system provides a certain number of prizes which go to the hardiest and the luckiest leaving blanks for the remainder, among whom the worthiest may be included. Whether or not that criticism does accurately describe our system, the Government's land policy certainly typifies such a system.

Irrigation will, from time to time, make new public lands available to settlers. Under the lottery plan the luckiest will get them at much less than their market value; can presently dispose of them, if they wish, and retire with the winnings in their pockets.

Personally, we should like to see the lands go to those who need them and will use them.

A New Idea for Tariff Tinkers

IN THE early part of the nineteenth century, when England was blessed with a tariff system as weird as our own, smuggling was a regular trade. Smugglers had a tariff of their own, based upon, but below, the government's.

A hundred years ago Napoleon's Continental System legally closed every important port in Europe to English goods. Thanks to smuggling, English goods still found their way over the Continent, and Napoleon himself sold licenses to evade the blockade.

This comes to mind in reading that Shipbuilder Cramp, formerly a stout protectionist, thinks that high tariff cripples his industry. Without free raw materials, he opines, we cannot build ships like the Lusitania in competition with England. Other manufacturers find themselves similarly handicapped.

To handicap manufacture is not the purpose of high tariff. Its purpose is to handicap consumers merely. Hence this troublous demand for revision—which may open the flood-gates for all kinds of disastrous change.

A sounder high protection program would be to let the tariff stand as it is and encourage smuggling for the relief of handicapped manufacture. Licenses to evade the tariff blockade, modeled upon Napoleon's, might be issued to Shipbuilder Cramp and others in like position, or quiet assurance be given that the custom-house officers would be asleep when such and such cargoes, assigned to them, arrived.

By this plan better than by any other, it seems to us, the ideal of cheap raw materials for manufacture and dear finished product for consumption can be achieved.

Gunpowder for the Starving

THE Duma, says a recent cable, has authorized expenditure of forty-six million dollars for army supplies in Transbaikalia and Vladivostok.

Russian parliamentary reports are not the clearest; but the Duma seems now to have assented to expenditures, mainly for the defense of Russia's Eastern possessions, to a total exceeding four hundred million dollars.

As the last domestic loan of a hundred millions was not easily floated, the report of a forthcoming foreign loan seems probable. European bankers, it will be recalled, refused to handle another Russian loan unless that loan were satisfactorily sanctioned by the representative body of the country.

Assent to the appropriations having been given, assent to the loan can hardly be withheld. By aid of the people's alleged representatives, therefore, the bureaucracy may now accomplish what it was unable to accomplish alone—that is, mortgage the country for the purpose of extending the military establishment.

What gives point to these reflections is a report, said to be official, that the wheat crop in eighteen provinces is in a very bad way and a recurrence of famine next winter is probable.

What good four hundred million dollars would do in the way of preventing famine can be accurately foretold. What good it will do in the way of increasing a Russian military establishment—in view of the experience with that establishment in the latest war—is quite problematical. Buying gunpowder for Vladivostok when peasants are starving at home, and taxing the peasants to pay for the gunpowder, seems a very dubious greatest good to the greatest number.

However, we have hopes. Not even Russia is clear out of the world. Even in a Duma of the bureaucracy some yeast of democracy and liberty will finally work.

Professor and Reporter

WE DO not know just why the press should, as a whole, tend to class college professors with sea serpents.

The report that a vast monster, with head resembling an abandoned tar-barrel, was observed off the popular resort of Canned-Pease-By-The-Brink, and the report that Doctor Syntax declared Shakespeare to be an ignorant and tasteless scribbler, or that Professor Ethics advocated wife-stealing, get into the paper in about the same way. The night editor who puts them in doesn't really believe them; but there is a sort of tradition of the office that they are legitimate jokes which the public will appreciate.

Perhaps, the circumstance that one of Doctor Syntax's or Professor Ethics' admiring students sent in the report has something to do with it. Or the fact that it is occasionally difficult to make sense out of what the professor does actually say may prejudice the editorial mind. Probably, as a matter of fact, the editor is right in supposing that the public does not take press reports of professorial eccentricities much more seriously than it takes the sea-serpent stories.

Such an association of professors, for the purpose of defending themselves against newspaper misrepresentation, as is proposed by the head of Clark University, seems to us unnecessary.

Suppose President Hall does form his defensive association, and its first convention is held. The headlines next day will read about like this: "Battle of the Bookworms! What Shall be Done with Reporters? President Hall Advocates Poison; President Hadley Urges Deportation, President Butler Speaks for Muzzling. The Three Nearly Come to Blows!"

Bucking the Sky-Line

THE everlasting effort in New York to climb away from the landlord reminds us of the naval dream to build a gun so powerful that no armor can resist it and an armor so strong that no gun can pierce it.

Time was when buildings in the financial district averaged about five stories. Then some astute man put up a ten-story building, doubling his rents from the same ground space, and smiled triumphantly at the landowner. Others followed his example. Whereupon all landlords marked up their holdings to such a point as would absorb the income from a ten-story building.

Overcoming temporary discouragement, the builder girded himself and achieved a twenty-story structure, again doubling his rents from the same ground space. For a little while he had the landlord beaten; but when there were several twenty-story buildings the price of land was marked up to absorb twenty-story rentals. The builder soared thirty stories, and found the landlord hanging to his coat-tails.

Gotham's ragged sky-line is now to be shattered by a sixty-story structure, which will so increase adjacent ground values that twenty-story buildings will no longer pay. The aspiring and perspiring builder may finally pierce the blue vault itself. If he does the first object he beholds when he breaks through will be the landlord, placidly sitting on the dome, waiting for him, with a blank rent-receipt in his hand.

The Voice of the People

THE reader must have been struck by an agreeable feature which was common to both national conventions. Both of them, that is, ate out of one man's hand. Bryan's domination of the Denver gathering was even more absolute than Roosevelt's sway at Chicago.

In both cases a number of persons—not entirely disinterested—pointed out how undemocratic and un-American this was; and they might have done something effectual in the way of resistance but for a deep suspicion that it had potentially the sanction and backing of several million democratic American voters. Gentlemen who owed their position to clever manipulation of precinct captains, caucuses and delegates, declaimed—without any saving sense of humor—against the tyrant who ruthlessly trampled them down with no warrant whatever except the confidence and affection of great masses of the people.

What gave Bryan his power at Denver was, finally, just the belief that more people would vote for him than for anybody else. The only function of a convention being to put up a ticket that has the best show of winning, Bryan's tyranny was the inevitable one of the majority.

We call this domination agreeable because, in the last analysis, the voice that ruled the convention was nearest to the voice of the people.

A Preventable Depression

IN THE first half of 1908 bank clearings in the United States were less than last year by twenty-two per cent., or, outside of New York, by fifteen per cent. Railroad earnings decreased in about the same ratio—say, roughly, in the neighborhood of two hundred million dollars. Probably, the general trade of the country was smaller by fifteen to twenty per cent. The trade actually done would have been considered phenomenally big any time prior to 1905. Nevertheless, the contraction was disagreeable. To the industrial population, which bore the brunt, it was painful—involving much enforced idleness and not a little want.

The signs are better now. In June, bank clearings decreased only twelve per cent.; commercial failures were less than last year; the number of idle freight cars was smaller, by a hundred thousand, than in April. Corn is growing prosperously on over a hundred million acres. Crops promise well. By election time, without bad luck, depression will be in the past tense.

Even at that it will have lasted a year, and we wish to say again that nobody has even suggested a good reason why we should have suffered it. There was nothing in fundamental conditions to which it can be charged. It belongs decidedly in the class of preventable accidents.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

An Oregon Peach

THINGS have changed mightily since William Cullen Bryant wrote about the Oregon rolling out yonder on the coast and hearing no sound save its own dashings. If the hearing of the Oregon has not been dimmed it has heard a lot of things lately, including its own rolling and the screams of certain parties who have been rolled.

They never do things by halves in Oregon. When they raise strawberries they raise them so big one of them fills a saucer. When they raise apples each apple is as large as a football. The timber they raise is so tremendous in size you can build a house out of the lumber in a stump. And, likewise, when they tackle politics they raise large and variegated ructions.

Oregon is an earnest State. It takes its politics seriously. The sanctity of the ballot is so sacrosanct nobody knows how to vote without a course of study, but Oregonians seem to be good students. They have direct nominations by primaries and all the latest up-to-date improvements, and get as much fun and excitement out of their politics as any people in the country.

Away back in 1876 a genial young person blew into Oregon and announced himself as George Earle Chamberlain, born in Mississippi, educated in Virginia, retaining no hard feelings about the late unpleasantness, but naturally a Democrat and there to grow up with the country. That was the sowing of the seed.

Things grow quickly in Oregon, and George had taken root and sprouted before he had been there a month. In four years he was so far toward bud and blossom they sent him to the legislature, which is going some for a Mississippi man who hopped across the Rockies and landed in the rose-bowered streets of Portland with nothing particularly on him but a happy smile, a beaming eye, a warm and clinging handclasp and a tendency to get along. To get along. Yes, that was the idea.

Our hero was born at Natchez, at Natchez on the Mississip', and being born thus, with such an equipment, means one of two things: Stay in Mississippi and go to Congress or leave Mississippi and go to Congress. Our National Legislature is speckled with men who have done one or the other. Whereupon, George Earle Chamberlain is about to go to Congress to sit in the Senate with Clarke, of Arkansas, Money, McLaurin, Bailey and Gore, all born in Mississippi.

The Old Reliable Recipe

THE Handbook of Politics contains many rules, but Rule No. 1 is: "Get the votes," and all the rest are superfluous. There are as many ways to get the votes as there are votes to get. New-fangled methods have been introduced from time to time. Gentlemanly politicians have bobbed up, now and again, with the money recipe, with variations to suit the exigencies. Other gentlemanly politicians have used a club; sometimes an axe. By and large, though, no improvement that has been suggested or tried has relegated to the rear the old, reliable, used-by-grandfather soft-soap prescription. Take it all in all, the politician who is on the spot oftenest with the happy hand, the "Why-my-boy-I'm-so-glad" benediction, the saccharine smile and the loving pat on the shoulder, combined with that faculty for remembering names and faces forever, gets along as well as any of them.

George Earle Chamberlain had the goods. He was as genial as a spring morning. He could hand out the palaver until the man he was talking to thought he was the only species of his kind in the State and walked away whirligigging with joy. Back of this Chamberlain had a lot of ability, a whole lot of it. He was a good lawyer and he stood for good government. He progressed rapidly. He became District Attorney for the Third Judicial District, Attorney-General for the State, and District Attorney for the Fourth Judicial District. All this time he was gaining reputation as a lawyer and gaining friends as one of the best mixers the coast had ever known.

Our Mississippi friend, Mr. Chamberlain, was not unaware of the tendency of the Oregon times. He kept on mixing. In 1896 Oregon had given McKinley a few more than two thousand plurality and in 1900 had increased that plurality to a trifle over thirteen thousand. In 1902 Chamberlain decided he was strong enough, knew enough babies by their first names, had grasped enough horny hands of toil to get something good, and he ran for Governor, as a Democrat, mark you.

Here was the event that proved that Chamberlain had calculated conditions to a hair's breadth. He was just due and no more. He arrived by the skin of those regular teeth. His plurality was two hundred and seventy-six. It was a plurality not so broad as Taft nor so deep as Root, but 'twas enough.

Still Smiling, Still Shaking Hands

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

As Governor, Chamberlain instituted an era of good feeling. He was non-partisan, somewhat—not enough to hurt, but a little. He gave some offices to Republicans and he did other things to the liking of the people in the way of cleaning up. Nineteen hundred and four came along and Roosevelt carried the State that had gone Democratic two years before by more than forty thousand—42,934, to be exact. Chamberlain smiled another of his smiles and, in 1906, ran again. This time he cleaned up the party that gave Roosevelt his forty thousand by 2494. As a mixologist, he was a success.

Reaching out for the good, the beautiful and the true, the Oregon folks had decided the salvation of the State depended on primaries, and shouted for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people. Oregon had been somewhat unfortunate in the matter of Senators. Time came along for the choice of a successor to Senator Charles W. Fulton, one of the Republican bosses of the State. Senator Fulton wanted to succeed himself. He made the announcement. Then arose Henry M. Cake and said he desired to be the Republican Senator at Washington, and Governor Chamberlain, smiling genially, hopped in as the Democratic candidate.

Now, this is the story told of the succeeding events. It may or it may not be true. Perhaps, Governor Chamberlain did not put up the job, but he is a real politician. It is alleged by unregenerate people who chuckle loudly at the outcome of it all that many of the Chamberlain fellows, the Democrats, enrolled as Republicans for those primaries and pushed along the immortal name of Cake, claiming to like the layers and the frosting and all the rest. Anyhow, Cake was nominated and Fulton beaten, and that left Chamberlain the candidate indicated by the first primaries on the Democratic side and Cake for the Republicans.

To the Mat for the Second Round

CAKE and Chamberlain went to the mat in the second round. And when the back counties were all heard from, when the returns were all in and tabulated, it was discovered that Cake was beaten, his cake turned to dough, that he had been used merely to defeat Fulton, and that the smiling, shoulder-patting Chamberlain was the choice of the people for Senator. And the beautiful, Oregonlike part of it is that the legislature which must elect Chamberlain, in the final instance, according to the Constitution, has a large Republican majority. It will be a sight worth going to Oregon to see to observe that Republican legislature electing that suave Democrat, Chamberlain, to the Senate. The grinding of teeth will sound like the steady crunch, crunch of a battery of those machines that punch holes in boiler-plate. If the legislature should renege there will be a row that will make the rest of the United States think Oregon has been blown up and is sinking.

This is the tale as it is told. Peevish Oregon politicians may object to some of the details, but the chiaroscuro is about as depicted. Meantime, George Earle Chamberlain is still smiling, still shaking hands, for it might be, you know, the Democrats would need a smiler and a vote-getter in 1912 and reach over into Oregon for him. You never can tell.

From His Private Box

THE side door of Senator Lodge's committee-room in the Capitol is near the Senate elevator. A few days ago a correspondent for a Boston paper was waiting for the elevator and Senator Lodge came along from the restaurant.

The correspondent was smoking, which is against the rules, and Senator Lodge sniffed a couple of times and asked scornfully: "What is that you are smoking?"

"Cigar," replied the correspondent.

"Smells to me like one of those miserable weeds Senator Crane smokes—is it?"

"No," replied the correspondent, "it isn't. I was just in your committee-room and your secretary gave me one of yours."

The Laborer and His Hire

JOHN WESLEY GAINES, the unterrified and untrammeled orator from Tennessee, had his office belongings moved over to the new office building for the House of Representatives. The men who took over the stuff dumped it on the floor and left it. When John Wesley came in he set up a roar that could be heard as far as the White House. The superintendent of the building heard him and came running in to see what was the matter.

"Look here!" declaimed John Wesley. "These villains who moved my stuff have left it here in a heap on the floor. I want somebody to straighten it up."

Two men were assigned to the task, and John Wesley bossed them until everything was arranged to his satisfaction. Then he said to the laborers: "Well, boys, you have done a good job and I want to give you something. Here is a copy for each of you of a speech I made on the floor of the House the other day."

Following the Great Fire

SENATOR KNOX was sitting in his library talking to a friend on the afternoon President Roosevelt sent in his scorching message to Congress taking the hides off the railroad rebaters and others.

There was a great thumping on the door. "Come in," shouted the Senator. The door opened and four firemen, with chemical extinguishers on their backs, entered.

"What do you want?" asked the Senator.

"There is a fire on your roof, and we thought we might put it out with these extinguishers instead of calling out the department and turning on the hose."

"Go ahead," said Knox.

"You are not much excited," commented his friend.

"Excited!" replied Knox. "Why should a little blaze on the roof excite me after the conflagration we had up at the Senate this afternoon?"

Destination of No Moment

COLONEL J. W. ZEVELY, of the Indian Territory, and Colonel John Breathitt, of Missouri, were in St. Louis together.

"I must go over to the desk and send a telegram," said Zevely.

"Good idea," said Breathitt; "I guess I'll send one, too."

They wrote their telegrams. Colonel Zevely handed his to the operator. She counted the words and said: "That will be forty cents."

Colonel Breathitt handed in his telegram.

The operator counted the words carefully and said: "Seventy-five cents, please."

"But," expostulated Colonel Breathitt, "you only charged my friend here forty cents for his telegram. Why should you charge me seventy-five cents for mine? It has no more words in it."

"Because this gentlemen's telegram goes to Chicago and yours goes to Salt Lake City."

"Pshaw," said the thrifty Missourian; "if that is the case just send mine to Chicago, too."

Building Beauty Into Cities

How Art May be a Very Good Investment

By ARNOLD W. BRUNNER
MEMBER OF THE ART COMMISSION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WHISTLER says that "art happens," but I may be permitted to add that sometimes it does not happen, and he must be an optimist indeed who would rely upon the positive occurrence of art in the development of American cities.

Forceful thought, energy and concerted action are required, and, above all, the very best brand of civic pride must be called upon to insure sightliness and beauty.

What is needed is not the appreciation of art in the abstract, but its practical application to the problems of modern commerce.

Art pays; beauty is the most valuable asset for any city, and I feel strongly that if theories were put aside, and facts were understood, a more widely-spread interest in the planning and rearranging of cities would be aroused.

The apathy that business men and the city, State and the National Government have often shown to proposed artistic movements, and the opposition that city beautification schemes have met, may be explained by the fact that it is not generally realized that art may be a good investment.

Perhaps the Greeks would not have reasoned in that way, nor would any artistic nation, but we are not artistic; we are primarily commercial; we are cultivating artistic tendencies and are rapidly coming to know the value of beauty as applied to manufactures, streets and towns, and we are offering to the artist in every branch the greatest encouragement. The result is that an æsthetic appreciation in the people themselves is being engendered and strengthened.

A city, like a house, should have a definite plan. No great enterprise, nor a small one for that matter, could be carried on successfully without a definite line of thought and a definite plan of operation with due provision for the future. What greater enterprise could there be than the building of a city? And yet, in this most important of all our undertakings, we have adopted the most short-sighted policy.

Alexander III Bridge and Grand Palace of Fine Arts, Paris

It has been said that a city builds itself, that the most potent factors in its evolution are the results of accident and of commercial necessities. This is true in the majority of cases, and especially true in the beginning of a city's development and enlargement from the original village or settlement, when the selection of site and initial growth are influenced by the topography of the country, the proximity to rivers, breadth of water-front or other natural conditions and considerations of commerce and utility.

A few of our cities were built on a definite plan, but not always successfully. The one shining example of great success in this direction is the city of Washington, and the portion that has conformed to the original plan of Major L'Enfant, who designed the Capital of the United States, bears witness to-day of his genius.

Some years ago a commission was appointed to suggest a method of grouping public buildings and to improve the city. The keynote of their report was the reëstablishment of the principles of the original L'Enfant plan, which had been neglected. Nothing could be more inspiring than the recommendations and designs made by the commission, which, when executed, will make Washington one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The Problem in New York

THE beautifying of New York is a more difficult matter, although it presents an instance of a city built on a prearranged plan. Unfortunately, the worthy gentlemen who conceived the scheme lacked the imagination and wise forethought of Major L'Enfant. They were appointed just a century ago as "Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the City of New York," with instructions to prepare a plan of the extension of the city in such manner and extent "as to them should seem most conducive to the public good."

The plan they produced after four years' study is the dull and uninspiring rectangular arrangement, substantially as it exists to-day.

On account of the especially fortunate situation of New York, surrounded by rivers emptying into the great ocean, they decided that few vacant spaces were to be retained for parks.

The river-fronts with their commercial possibilities suggested to them the necessity of a multiplicity of latitudinal streets, and there was only a meagre provision for longitudinal streets, as "uptown" meant nothing then. This strange mistake in dealing with an island which is long and narrow is difficult to rectify now, and the problem of providing diagonal thoroughfares and sufficient accommodation for the traffic north and south is one of immense obstacles.

A New York City Improvement Commission was appointed in 1903, and has issued two admirable reports containing many valuable suggestions, and most clearly indicating the immensity of the problem that confronted it. It is much to be regretted the commission has no further powers conferred on it by law, so that no steps are now being taken to carry out its plans or further to improve them. The most important part of the report was the endeavor to afford adequate avenues of connection between the different parts of each borough, as well as between the boroughs themselves and the outlying districts, and the scheme for a continuous park system, which would provide sufficient parks for each borough, was well studied. This report indicates the extreme difficulty and the enormous cost of remaking a city so far developed as New York. The longer the improvements are deferred the more difficult and expensive they become.

The city of Cleveland, realizing this danger of delay, is now an example to the entire United States. It will, presently, be the only American city which will present to the traveler, when he enters its gateway, its most attractive aspect. Ordinarily we are accustomed to find a confusion of mean streets and second-rate business buildings, or worse. Anything was good enough for the railway station. Cleveland has upset this tradition, and the stranger arriving there will find himself at one end of a Court of Honor with great public buildings on either side, and a system of roadways with trees and flowers leading to other buildings, instead of, as in the majority of cases, in the least attractive portion of the town.

The Bridge Leading to the Place de la Concorde, Paris, from Chamber of Deputies

A Civic Centre on the Group Plan

CLEVELAND is a most prosperous and enterprising city. It was about to erect several public buildings and realized the importance of grouping them to form a civic centre. After I was appointed architect for the new United States post-office, custom house and court house, which is known as the Federal Building, and work was actually begun on the ground acquired by the Government, the Governor of Ohio appointed a "Board of Supervision for Public Buildings and Grounds," consisting of Mr. Burnham, Mr. Carrere and myself. The first and most pressing part of our duties was to suggest an arrangement for the new buildings which would include the Federal Building and form a civic centre. There was to be a new library. A city hall and a county court house were to be erected, and a new union station was a necessity. Accordingly, after carefully studying the problem, we proposed that the city place the library at the side of the Federal Building, that the ground separating these two buildings from the lake-front be acquired for a park or mall, and at the farther end of the mall, the county court house be placed on one side and the city hall on the other, with the railroad station on the central axis. These buildings would cost no more placed in the positions indicated than if they were scattered in various locations, but when they were drawn on the plan it appeared that a group was the result, and accordingly this combination is known in Cleveland as the "group plan." The space in the centre is divided into roadways, with parkings and trees arranged so as to provide opportunity for the erection of fountains and statues. The buildings at the sides of the mall will be controlled by the city, so they will conform to the style of architecture adopted for the others.

The group plan has been formally accepted by the city of Cleveland. Some of the buildings are under way, the larger portion of the ground has been purchased, and the great scheme will be an assured fact in a very short time.

It will be seen that the only extra expense to the city consists of acquiring the ground around which the buildings are grouped, and the cost of this will in time be returned to the city in taxation upon the increased valuation of the surrounding property, as this portion of the city, which was heretofore neglected, has now become very valuable. Surely here art may be said to pay.

As I had designed the Federal Building in the classic style, we recommended that classic architecture should be employed throughout the entire group, and we pointed out that dignity and great simplicity contributed to that beauty, repose and peace of mind which is the basis of all contentment.

Uniformity is not necessarily monotony, and this orderly arrangement of buildings, designed in the manner of the greatest edifices of the world, and a proper arrangement of roadways, bordered by trees and inclosing parks and culminating in vistas, will produce in Cleveland a civic centre that will influence the architecture of the entire city, and inspire other cities to follow its example.

While Cleveland is realizing its ideals, it must not be understood that a plan for rearranging a city, or a portion of it, necessarily contemplates immediate execution.

On the contrary, it only indicates the lines on which the city should expand as its resources enable it to build or enlarge. The only objector to the group plan that I can recall was much worried about the expense of a fountain shown on the small park, at the intersection of the mall and the esplanade. He did not think the city could afford it, and I pointed out that the innocent spot on the plan only meant that it was a site for the fountain, which should under no circumstances be built until the money for it was provided, and that when the fountain materialized the position was determined and ready for it.

Because a city cannot achieve the impossible is no reason why it should not plan for the possible in the future. We should look ahead and heed the mistakes of the past. What is impossible to-day is possible to-morrow. In planning for what is called the "City Beautiful" this lack of foresight has been the chief difficulty to confront the architect.

At the inception of a city it is natural that considerations of commerce and utility alone prevail, and when the business centre spreads the residences are driven to other quarters, new distribution of utilities is made and new avenues of travel result. These movements occur and occur again, and the city readjusts itself to the varying conditions as best it can, but lack of purpose and organization is always painfully apparent, and the haphazard manner of growth produces that confusion and disorder that presents itself to us on all sides.

We find everywhere that the readjustments that are necessary to new conditions, the provision for increase of population, the spread of commerce, new lines of traffic that are to be opened, are constantly demanding radical alterations in the plans of our cities. The spread of business drives away residences and new neighborhoods are formed.

These movements are not infrequently illogical and ill-advised, and require the most careful and skillful guidance. Accordingly, the adoption of some definite plan of action is imperative, and throughout the United States many communities already are giving serious consideration to this subject.

The considerations that I urge are not antagonistic to commerce, but, on the contrary, are the greatest aid to it. Let it be understood that the first step toward the beautification of cities is municipal common-sense.

There must be sufficient streets, broad, well-paved and clean; streets that will accommodate the traffic and will have sunlight and air. After this comes the consideration of the planting of trees, treatment of the intersection of thoroughfares, the character of the buildings, fountains, statues, and thought to be given to vistas and other effects.

The Need for Broader Streets

WITHOUT criticising the overrated and undertaxed skyscrapers, it is evident that they have been erected at the expense of the citizens generally, who have an inherent right to light and air in the streets. Streets should be ample for their traffic. This seems a simple proposition, but in the commercial districts of our larger cities it is quite disregarded. Ten thousand men pass a given point in three-quarters of an hour in the usual order of a military procession, which means an unobstructed roadway and favorable conditions. But ten thousand people are poured out into the streets at almost the same time in many localities from skyscrapers that contain thousands of tenants each.

Looking Up Unter den Linden, from Windows of Empress Victoria's Palace, Berlin

When the space for vehicles and trucks is also considered, it is readily seen how inadequate the average street is becoming. The sewage and water supply were also originally designed for low buildings; accordingly, if buildings of twenty, thirty—the last record is forty—stories are to be considered the streets must be proportionately wide. Some regulations requiring the height of buildings to be in proportion to the width of the street seem reasonable and proper.

We ask from our Government to-day not only the preservation of life and liberty, but also in our pursuit of happiness we may reasonably demand the assistance of beauty, the beauty of a well-ordered, clean and healthful city.

Handsome streets, graceful buildings, monuments and parks are no longer luxuries: they are necessities, and necessities that we can well afford.

I recall the difficulty that resulted when enthusiasts for fresh air demanded small parks for the people in the thickly-populated districts. The expense was the main objection urged. But then it was found that a section of the city that had been a block of squalid tenements was transformed into a park, the streets bordering the open space became more valuable, a better class of buildings was erected, and the taxation on the increased value of the district began at once to pay for the improvement. The park paid for itself in time, and the air, sunlight, cleanliness, happiness and improvement in the condition of the inhabitants of the district, which were well worth paying for, one would think, cost the city nothing. Is not the value of the land in Union Square, Madison Square and other squares well represented in the streets that bound these breathing spaces?

The square or small park is of the greatest use and benefit to a city. In Paris this is understood, and I recall an incident told about the Ritz Hotel, when the present owner purchased it and intended to extend and "improve" it. The Ritz is situated on the Place Vendôme, a beautiful square surrounded by buildings of uniform design, the buildings in the angles accentuated, but otherwise all conforming to a general design which formed a splendid setting for the Colonne Vendôme. The authorities, after carefully and deliberately considering the application of Monsieur Ritz, finally reported that he "could clean the front." He could decorate the interior, do what he chose, but he could not alter the façade. The Place Vendôme could be spoiled by no one. It belonged to Paris. And this is the spirit that makes that city so attractive, and its splendor attracts to-day the enormous crowds of travelers who spend their millions there.

The failure of Baltimore and San Francisco to rise to the artistic opportunities of rebuilding afforded by destructive fires should not be discouraging to advocates of civic improvements. The fact is, as I have already noted, that, when a city is in dire distress, and immediate provision must be made for the necessities of shelter and business, there is no inclination to make radical changes. A city can execute important improvements only when it is prosperous and tranquil. In the natural course of things the new portion of the town will be better than that which it replaces, but structural readjustments that make for beauty and an exhibition of civic splendor cannot be expected at such a time. Baltimore had no plan prepared that was ready for adoption, and as a matter of fact really did widen and extend some streets and execute improvements of great importance, and, under the circumstances, the progress made was very gratifying.

When the greatest calamity of modern times came upon San Francisco a splendid and ambitious plan, wide in scope and farseeing in thought, was in readiness. I happened to be in the city a week after the earthquake and fire had destroyed it, and was asked to join the Committee of Forty in its deliberations and its attempts to organize the new city. Such enthusiasm had never been seen, and it was an inspiring sight to find these earnest men putting forth all the efforts to rebuild San Francisco on new lines. We discussed all sides of the question, and I pointed out not only the necessity of constructing the city on beautiful lines, and conforming in some degree at least to the main principles of the Burnham plan, but also the importance of dividing the city into what might be called "fireproof compartments," as a ship is divided into watertight compartments.

Determination and courage distinguished this committee. I remember that some one rose and called their attention to the fact that the building in which the meetings were held had been condemned by the building department before the earthquake as unsafe, but this was not considered of sufficient importance to adjourn the meeting, and the good work went on. However, evil days followed and progress was checked; but let us hope the old California spirit will triumph in the end.

The value to a city that accrues from the improvement of a neighborhood changing a squalid quarter into one of dignity and importance need not be insisted upon, even if civic pride is not strong enough to demand it; the improvement in the health, contentment and well-being of the citizens and the revenue to the city from taxation on the increased values may not be disregarded.

The Belted Cities of Europe

MANY of the great cities of Europe teach us a valuable lesson in city architecture. Broadly speaking, they consist of a number of concentric rings separated by boulevards which were originally fortifications; the central and smallest ring inclosing a civic centre, which is in its natural place, as it is that portion of the city which plays the most important part in civic life. From this inner circle boulevards radiate, intersecting different portions of the city and reaching far into the country, but this arrangement is the result of growth and well-guided movements.

Paris is, perhaps, our best example. When Baron Haussmann transformed the city under Napoleon III he had carefully studied and mastered the suggestions and progress made by architects who had preceded him in attempts to bring order out of the chaos of that interesting, but then most complicated, network of streets that was called Paris. Not himself an architect, Baron Haussmann had a deep appreciation both for the utilitarian and the beautiful, and with a broad grasp of his problem he refused all temporary expedients and carried to success the splendid improvements that made Paris the great and beautiful city that it is. Thickly-populated districts were opened, tangles of streets were swept away and great boulevards placed exactly where they were needed, not alone providing arteries that were demanded by the growing necessities

Imperial Museums from Hofburg Theatre, Vienna

The Beautiful Louvre, Paris

of the city, but also being made things of beauty; the width of the streets, planting of trees, intersections with other thoroughfares, setting of public buildings, consideration of vistas, all were as carefully considered as matters of traffic, sewage and water supply. This is the sort of solution that this problem needs.

During the last decade public sentiment has been awakened and great interest evinced in the reports issued by the various commissions intrusted with the study of civic movements such as those of St. Louis, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston, New York and many others. Even Greenville, South Carolina, has its society to "beautify and improve" and suggest a plan for "Greater Greenville."

A plan for the prospective improvement of Manila has been made. Honolulu has been considering a civic centre, and a new capital city for the island of Formosa is being planned by the Japanese.

A most interesting example of the new movement comes from Rio Janeiro, where, among other works, ground for a boulevard two and a half miles long has been appropriated through a well-settled portion of the city. I learn that an avenue is now constructed, and the city has gained a large amount of taxable property.

London is being rebuilt almost as rapidly as New York, and the vast undertakings of the London County Council include, besides public works of the greatest importance, widening and extending a large number of old streets and the opening of new ones. An enormous amount of rebuilding is being accomplished, all with due respect to æsthetic considerations, and, perhaps, the most conspicuous example is the memorial of Queen Victoria and the great driveway leading to Buckingham Palace. The most instructive to us, however, is the new King's Highway. The creation of this street involved wholesale demolition and reconstruction of property. It runs through a densely-populated district of irregular streets and connects with the Strand by an intermediate crescent-shaped street, which provides splendid opportunities for new building sites. This great enterprise has cost the city of London nothing, as the Council was permitted to acquire sufficient property bordering the new street to enable it to benefit by the enhanced value that resulted from the improvement.

In America legislation has already been enacted in several States that will give similar powers, and facilitate future improvements by reducing or entirely annihilating the cost to the municipality.

The charm of the older cities of Europe has been denied to us. Instead of picturesque clusters of houses creeping up the hillsides and along the banks of streams, the church crowning the town, the castle surmounting a rocky eminence, the bridges, fortresses and beauty of random growth, our settlements were planned in a most materialistic spirit, which has prevailed in the rearrangements and enlargements that followed.

To bring order out of the chaos that we find in our larger cities the inspiration of a Haussmann is needed, and the appreciation by the public which will make possible great works conceived in a broad and intelligent spirit.

There is a natural fear of extensive changes, and we move cautiously, but not necessarily wisely.

New bridges are constructed that are outgrown before they are completed, and without sufficient provision for approaches. Streets become hopelessly congested before traffic conditions are seriously considered. Public buildings are erected on inadequate sites.

New York especially shows the necessity of immediate action in many of these respects. It would seem, for instance, that Blackwell's Island, which will soon be in the centre of the city, should not be condemned forever to remain a site for penal institutions. Why should it not become a park containing noble public buildings?

Central Park itself may, perhaps, be changed in character, and to an extent be formalized, so that, while remaining a great public pleasure ground, it would become the Champs Elysées of New York, and other parks farther removed from the crowded district constructed to fulfill the purpose it now serves. At any rate, the new conditions must be met and a comprehensive plan formulated, which shall provide for the enormous increase in population that will unquestionably continue.

Beauty, as I have said before, and surely architectural beauty, is an important asset for a city. The merchant appreciates this fact, as one may observe by comparing the business buildings on Sixth Avenue with the newer ones recently erected on Fifth Avenue. The costliness and luxury of the modern hotel indicate that the public is impressed by and will pay for beauty.

Our street architecture, while it is growing better and more interesting, needs encouragement to stimulate it to continued improvement.

In St. Petersburg the City Council has discovered an ingenious way of encouraging the citizens to strive to combine beauty and utility in their architectural undertakings. It suggested that a reduction in taxes for a certain period should be granted to every one who builds an artistic home, and a gold medal given to the architect responsible for the design.

In Budapest an exemption from taxes for fifteen years has actually been granted to those who have erected buildings of a certain standard of excellence, and perhaps some such methods might be adopted in the United States.

YOUR SAVINGS

Puts, Calls and Arbitrage

EVERY reader of financial news has read at some time about puts and calls, and yet it is safe to say that, with the possible exception of foreign exchange, no financial operation is so little understood by the public. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that it is a somewhat complicated process and is not widely practiced in the United States. Most people know that puts and calls are vehicles for speculation, but many do not realize, possibly, that they comprise likewise a form of protection or insurance against loss to operators and speculators carrying large blocks of stock or grain In this way they perform a constructive service

Technically, puts and calls are options and privileges, and by these names they are widely known. These designations are quite obvious, because puts and calls are options on certain things, and the owners of these options have the right to exercise certain privileges. Dealing in puts and calls is commonly known as option trading. These options, in a word, enable their holders to reap the benefit accruing from favorable fluctuations of the market and at the same time limit the risk of loss to a comparatively small sum, which is definitely known and paid beforehand.

An option, therefore, is simply this: by the payment of an agreed premium, an operator or prospective buyer of stocks acquires the privilege of buying or selling a stock at a fixed price at the end of a stipulated period. The operator is not compelled to exercise the right thus obtained and can retire from the whole transaction by merely losing the premium which he has paid for the right. The profit is indefinite and depends upon the favorable movement of the stock during the life of the option. Stated in other words, an option is the right to buy or sell a certain stock at a given day, at a given price agreed on at the time the bargain is struck. For this right you pay a premium This premium varies It may be one, two or three per cent. of the par value of the stock. A two-per-cent premium on one hundred shares of stock, par value of one hundred dollars, would be two hundred dollars. This premium is usually fixed by the broker.

An option may be a call, which is the bull operation and based on a rising market; it may be a put, which is the bear operation and based on a declining market; or it may be a put and call which combines both and gives the holder the right to do either.

The price at which the operator has the option to buy or sell at the end of the option period is usually the price at which the stock is quoted on the market at the time the option is bought. An option may run for a month or longer. Sometimes they run only a week. The terms are usually set forth on a printed slip of paper which forms the contract. Sometimes the terms are simply stated in a letter from the broker.

Although London is the seat of the greatest activity in options there is a big difference between the English and American methods of trading in them. In London option dealing is recognized by the London Stock Exchange; in New York it is not recognized by the New York Stock Exchange. More than this, the New York Board imposes a fine on any member who buys or sells an option within the confines of the Exchange. This action is taken because the Board construes option selling as betting, and betting is prohibited by the Exchange constitution Many members of the New York Stock Exchange trade in options outside the Exchange, however, and one of the liveliest markets is in New Street, directly in the rear of the big Exchange building.

The Wall Street market for options is not an extensive one. In Wall Street the option is so written that its owner can exercise the right "on one day's notice, except the last day, when notice is not required." In London the right can only be exercised on a specified date. In order to protect himself the London operator trades against his option. In this article the American method of trading is described.

There are three main reasons why options are bought:

(1) By dealers and brokers in options who expect to sell the option (or contract) itself at a profit.

(2) By operators and speculators who hope to make money by exercising the right of buying or selling the stock named in the option.

(3) By speculators carrying large quantities of stock or grain, as an insurance against loss.

Let us now see, with the aid of concrete examples, just how these options work out in practice.

The buyer of a call has the right to buy or not buy at his option a certain number of shares of stock at a fixed price at a specified time. If during, and up to, the time this transaction ends a rise has occurred in the market the option may be exercised and the profit taken by selling in the market the number of shares contracted for in the option. Should a fall in price occur, or if the price remains stationary, the option may be given up and the loss to the buyer of it is the amount of premium paid.

Let us assume, for example, that a premium of two per cent., or two hundred dollars, is paid for the call on one hundred shares of Anaconda at 41 up to the end of August. At the expiration of the option the market price is 48. The buyer of the option has the right to call or claim his stock from the option seller at 41, and then, by selling it in the open market at the market price of 48, realize a profit of five hundred dollars after deducting the two hundred dollar premium paid for the option. Thus he makes five hundred dollars by only risking two hundred dollars. If, on the other hand, the stock happened to be 40 at the end of the option, the owner of this option could abandon the project and lose only the premium.

The buyer of the call does not have to wait until the expiration of the contract to secure his profit. He can take advantage of the first rise and make sales against his trade, thus dividing the risk of finding the market against him at the termination of the option. In the case already cited, the purchaser of the call on a hundred shares of Anaconda at 41 for two hundred dollars at the end of August could sell the stock in July after it reached 44. The price declining again to 40, he could re-buy his hundred shares. Should the price at the end

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of August be 48, the holder of the option would have a total profit of nine hundred dollars after deducting the two hundred dollars premium.

Calls may be used to protect or insure bear accounts. Assume that you are a bear and short of a hundred shares of Louisville and Nashville at one hundred. If you had a call on a hundred shares of this stock at 100 you could call it and deliver the stock, thus limiting your loss to the amount of premium that you had paid for the call, which, in this case, may have been $100.

The put is the counterpart of the call. By paying a premium you acquire the right to sell or not sell (at your option) a certain number of shares at a certain price at the end of a specified time. If during the life of the contract a fall takes place below the fixed price you can buy a similar quantity of stock, and by applying it to the put realize a profit. Should there be a rise the put is not declared, and the loss, as in the case of a call, is simply limited to the amount of the premium.

Take a concrete case. You pay two per cent. premium, or $200, for the put on one hundred shares of Anaconda at 44 up to the end of August. When the option expires the stock is selling on the market at 38. You then buy one hundred shares in the market at 38 and deliver it to the man who sold you the option, who is compelled to take it at 44. Thus the profit, after deducting the price of the premium, is four hundred dollars.

A put may be bought to insure a bull account. The operator buys stock, say, at 70, and the price rising to 79 he does not want to take his profit because he anticipates a further rise. But wishing to insure the profit he buys a put on one hundred shares for one month at 79 for two hundred dollars premium. If, in this time, the stock advances further he can sell in the market and only lose the option money. Meanwhile, his account has been insured. Should the stock decline below 79 he simply exercises his privilege and delivers the stock at that price. In insuring a bull account the operator in no case risks more than the price of the premium.

The put and call, which costs double the price of the put and call separately, combines the advantages of each. The person buying it acquires the right either to buy or sell when the option expires. To illustrate: suppose that a premium of four hundred dollars is paid for a put and call on one hundred shares of Baltimore and Ohio at 80 for the end of August and that, on the expiration of the option, it is selling in the market at 87. The owner of the option can sell one hundred shares in the market at 87 and can then call on the seller of the option to deliver him one hundred shares at 80, the option price. This transaction would net a profit of three hundred dollars. On the other hand, should the stock be at 72 at the end of the option period, the owner of the option could buy 100 shares in the market and put them to the seller of the option, who would be compelled to take them at 80. Thus a net profit of four hundred dollars would be realized.

Practically all the Wall Street option trading is in stocks.

But there may also be option dealing in grain, principally wheat and corn. The bulk of this is at Chicago, which is the centre of grain speculation. By act of Legislature the terms put and call cannot be used in Illinois, and the expressions ups and downs are employed as substitute. An up is a call and a down is a put. In grain there are no fluctuating prices for ups and downs. Usually there is a fixed price, such as five dollars for an up or down on each five thousand bushels. They are operated the same way as puts and calls on stocks. There are no options on cotton, although there is much "future" trading in it.

Russell Sage was the greatest option dealer of his day. His plan was to sell options on stock in which he was interested or concerning which he had inside information. He never sold an option to insure the buyer against loss. He simply backed his market judgment and inside information against that of the man to whom he sold the option.

Somewhat akin to option trading is arbitrage, which consists of transactions in stocks or bonds between brokers and operators in different countries. It reached its highest development with the advent of the cable. Although there are almost instantaneous quotations between New York and London, there is often a difference in price caused by a more pronounced disposition to buy or sell in either market. As a result, it is often possible to buy a stock in New York and sell it at a higher price in London, and vice versa. Hence arbitrage.

There is a difference of approximately five hours in time between New York and London. When the New York Stock Exchange opens at ten o'clock in the morning it is exactly four minutes to three in London. But by two minutes after three the New York opening prices are known in London. London can trade by cable in American stocks, or "Yankees" as they are called, during all the time that the New York Stock Exchange is open, because trading in London continues on the curb after the close of the Exchange.

All New York houses that do an arbitrage business are foreign firms—that is, houses with close foreign connections or branches. The principal trading is between New York and London. Although practically no British stocks are sold in New York, millions of shares of American stocks are sold in London. This is due to the fact that England has more money than securities and we have more securities than money and need what money we do have at home.

Here is a specimen transaction. A man in London goes to his broker and orders one hundred shares of New York Central stock.

The broker glances at the latest cable quotation from New York and sees that New York Central at last sale there was 104 and is below the London price. This London price for New York Central on the day in question happens to be fractionally less than 107½. The broker realizes that he would fare best by filling his customers' order in New York, so he cables an order to his connection there for the stock.

American stocks sell in London on an arbitrary basis of five dollars for each pound. This might be called the nominal trading basis. But the actual paying basis and the one on which the transaction is figured is based on the prevailing rates of foreign exchange on pounds sterling. On the day of the transaction used as an illustration in this article let us say that the rate on pounds was $4 87. Therefore, the New York Central stock selling in London at 107½ on a five dollars to a pound basis would cost £2150 But figuring the actual cost price on the basis of the foreign exchange rate the proceeds in dollars would be $10,470.50. It follows then that the arbitrageur can afford to pay 104 or approximately $10,400 for the stock in New York, and after allowing for some nominal expenses still make a profit against the London selling price of 107½. The transaction may be reversed where the New York price is higher than the London price.

THE COLLIE OF THE PLAINS

(Concluded from Page 11)

cubs, scalps and bounty money that would buy many pleasures for him in Cheyenne. Tying his horse, he made search for, and soon found, the den. Each chubby cub was dragged forth and brained against the ledge. No sound did they utter. A gray wolf meets death silently.

When darkness fell the returning parents found a desolated home. Stiffened bodies strewed the ledge that had been the playground of their short lives, and their scalpless skulls told the story.

Together Claws and his mate sniffed and caressed their silent babes—the mother with the stoic silence of her race; the father with whimperings of sorrow. Claws well knew the author of this latest tragedy, for the stench of his arch enemy, the one thing hated and feared above all else, hovered over all and tainted the sweet earth scent.

From that moment a new thing found life in the dog's brain, growing as he dozed in the sunlight or hunted beneath the stars of night. In the past it was enough to escape his human foe with no thought or desire for retaliation; to be let alone and allowed to live had been his great desire. Now this developed into determination to have revenge for all he had been made to suffer.

He haunted the vicinity of the ranch. Stealthily, when Ed rode among the hills, he followed Mile on mile, like a shadow, he pursued when Ed rode by night Should a night be passed in camp, as was common while trapping, the dog spent the hours near by. The desire to attack grew as the summer waned. When the man slept, blanket-wrapped, the dog, grown bolder, would creep so close that the Winchester's length scarce lay between, and gaze upon the unconscious face, his angry bristles rising and falling. His back-drawn lips gave evidence of his murderous thought. Almost would he make the leap and sink his eager teeth deep in the hated flesh; but there was the man-fear yet strong within him, and so he would sneak away into the darkness.

Ed's habits demanded a considerable amount of money. The little bunch of cattle left by Jack had shrunk almost to extinction. First, those suitable for beef were sold. Later, the cows and young stock, until the ranch range was depleted. All that remained of the L. J. brand was solitary strays on other ranges. These he disposed of as fast as he could secure them. Each head sold meant a spree, whose length was governed by the price brought. So long as his money lasted he stayed in Cheyenne. When "broke" he returned to the lonely ranch, the open plain or to those ranches where hospitality was yet allowed him. His reputation, never good, was rapidly growing worse among his neighbors.

As the winter returned a new trouble was added, harder to bear than any before. This was a fear for his bodily safety. This fear grew upon him continually. He had learned of the shadow always following. When the ground was bare and left no footmarks he had no means of knowing of it; but when the snow came he read the sign aright. Every trail made by him, old or new, had the dog's tracks there as well. They told him in camp of Claws' presence. At the ranch the cabin was encircled by them. They rested on the doorstep, and the pointed nose left its imprint where the man-scent had been taken from beneath the door. In his ignorance he endowed the maker of these signs with powers supernatural. The Winchester never left his reach by day or night, and sleep came fitfully.

The wolf-band's members were again together, rendezvousing in the Chalk Bluff hills. As in the winter preceding, Claws led them, more warily and yet with a strenuous fierceness far surpassing their own. Ever alert, strong and tireless from the generous feed and exercise of the past year, uneasy of mind, he craved constant action, danger and excitement.

One wintry night when the snowflakes were flying straight before the whistling north wind the wolf-band was abroad. It had no need to kill upon this night, yet when the combined scent of horse and man reached them they broke from the indolent wolf-trot to the long, swift lope that covered the ground as swiftly as the shadow of a wind-swept cloud. Claws running in the lead well knew who rode ahead.

Nearer came the silent footfalls of the fleet, gray forms. The scent of the sweating horse was on the chill night air. Ed, but lately from the barroom, swayed from side to side as the horse loped steadily.

When Claws reached its side and slashed at its throat the pony swerved abruptly, throwing the unsteady rider heavily to the ground, and in an ecstasy of fear sped away. Desperately Claws attacked the half-stunned figure, cutting the flesh through the scant clothing in an abandonment of fury In his efforts to arise the trapper floundered and rolled in the powdery snow, fighting silently. The wolf pack encircled the combatants. Through an habitual fear of mankind, for a few moments they held aloof; but seeing their leader attacking so vigorously, they began, timidly and with much caution, to snap at an outstretched leg or arm. Emboldened by the excitement of battle, soon they were fighting as viciously as the dog. Man could not long stand before an onslaught from jaws such as theirs. Ed went down and ceased to struggle. When the wolf pack was gone his torn body and battered clothing were hiding beneath the drifting snow.

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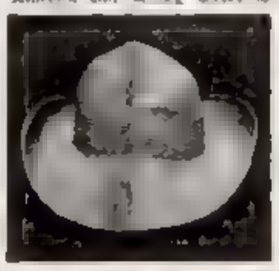
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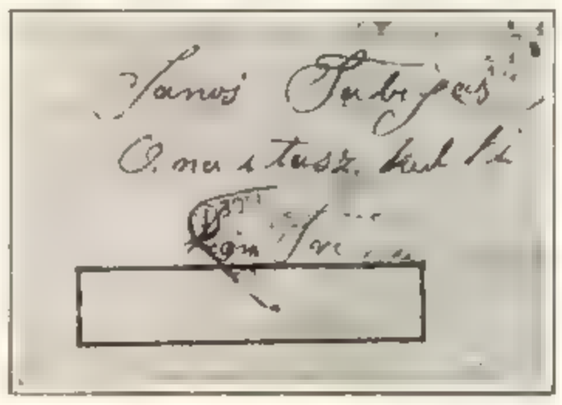


By RENÉ BACHE

A UNIQUE office under the Government—that of reader of riddles in the Post-Office Department at Washington—is held by a woman, Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins. It is her business to decipher illegible or otherwise difficult addresses on letters, and in the practice of this art she is unquestionably the most highly skilled expert living.

Mrs. Collins is a charming lady, of a fine old Southern family, and her bright eyes have a humorous twinkle as she explains that the wonders she performs in the way of solving chirographic puzzles are not accomplished by mere "intuition"—a synonym for instinct, as she says, which men freely attribute to women, while withholding from them credit for attainments. It is by the use of a highly-cultivated ingenuity, backed by long experience and some knowledge, that, as Mrs. Collins avers, she reads the riddles of the postal service.

Such riddles may be roughly divided into several recognizable classes. There are, to begin with, the illegible addresses which are written by uneducated persons. These are by far the most numerous, and the more difficult ones among them are penned by foreigners of the immigrant type. Then there are those which are attributable to carelessness—not a few of them left incomplete by oversight and requiring to be filled out. And, finally, there are addresses which take the form of cryptograms, or sometimes rebuses, designed by humorously-inclined individuals to puzzle the Post-Office Department.

Closing Down on the Cryptograms

Of late, however, the postal authorities have shut down upon the cryptogram business, and, when one of them turns up in the mails as an address on a letter, no serious effort is made to decipher it. No clerk, as of old, thinks it worth while to spend half a day in trying to discover the solution. The letter is promptly opened, and, if the sender cannot be readily located, it is marked "dead," and eventually destroyed. But in the past Mrs. Collins has accomplished feats in this line that were little short of miraculous, finally securing the delivery of the mysterious missives.

Mrs Collins has developed to a remarkable degree what might be called a science of guessing. But the guessing process is governed by certain fairly definite rules. For example, a letter turned up a while ago addressed to "Giuvani Orelli, Presidente Sterite, Catimoa." Now, that was an easy one. There is certainly no place in this country called Catimoa, but the "President Street" is plain enough; and, inasmuch as there is no such street except in Baltimore, the rest becomes obvious. Catimoa is meant for Baltimore. The letter was sent there and reached the person for whom it was intended.

Another letter was addressed: "Malyk Bankovics, Nevvjork Kontri Sotriver." This was more difficult, though the Nevvjork word evidently stood for New York. "Sotriver" suggested South River, which is in New Jersey. The writer had simply meant to say that Mr. Bankovics lived "in the country," at South River, near New York—the correctness of this idea being proved by the final delivery of the piece of mail.

These two examples will serve to illustrate the important part played by phonetics in the writing of addresses by foreigners of the uneducated class. Commonly they have small notion of the geographical divisions of the United States, and, even after having lived in this country for quite a while, they are much at sea in regard to the spelling of the names of places. Thus the skilled decipherer is obliged to translate by sound, as it were, inferring that "Reikzbier Stegt Kanedeka" is meant for Roxbury, State of Connecticut, that "Lazy Jane" signifies La Cygne, Kansas; that "Tossy Tanner, Tex.," is for Corsicana; that "Cikepu Kornsors, Levynworth Co.," ought to read Kickapoo City, Leavenworth County, Kansas, and so on.

One letter, mailed in the city of New York, was addressed to No. 24 Quincy Steep. That was all. Nobody ever heard of such place as Quincy Steep, of course, but it occurred to Mrs. Collins that, in the metropolis, the name Coenties is pronounced Quincy. It was evident then that the writer meant Coenties Slip, and this proved to be correct. It was nothing more than a clever guess, but such guesswork has substantial knowledge behind it.

Through long experience Mrs. Collins has become familiar with the names of the important streets in nearly all the cities and towns in the United States. Thus she is able to make the requisite corrections in the numerous instances where the names of cities are either omitted on addressed envelopes or wrongly put. A letter not long ago bore no address save the word "Island." But Mrs. Collins happened to know that a part of Wheeling, West Virginia, was called "The Island," and she sent the letter there. It was duly delivered.

The following are some actual addresses found on letters, with the translations appended:

Abram Waistein, Pedison Yasi Pscheik Streit No. 23. Translation: Paterson, Jersey, No. 23 Passaic Street.

Signore Antonio Paradise, Cella 96, New Yarck Toopeso. Translation: Cell No. 96, Tombs, New York.

Li J. Merricks, Box 40, innamerica. Translation: J. Merricks, P. O. Box 40, Long Island City.

Nu. Pot Nus Vodzinie. Translation: Newport News, Virginia.

Grepott Ewna, Bisswielle, Lon Kyty, 467. Translation: No. 467 Greenpoint Avenue, Blissville, Long Island City.

Vilka Bare reverstrite 255. Translation: No. 255 River Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

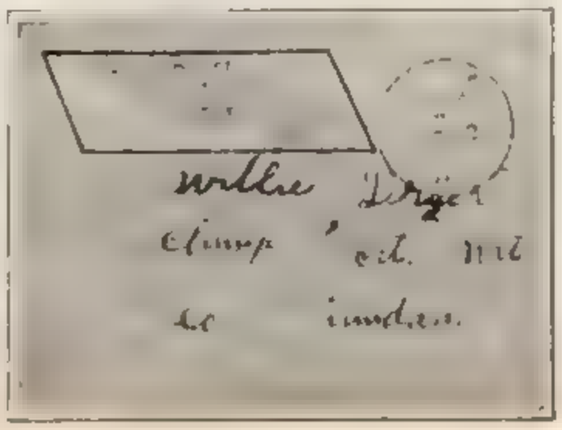
A letter from Germany bore the superscription, "No. 261 Hanover Street, America." That seemed just a bit indefinite, but it was nothing of a puzzle to the Post-Office Department, which added the necessary word Boston, and sent the message along to its intended destination. Matters of this sort are too easy to be handed over to the expert attention of Mrs. Collins.

From Goose Bay to Duck Creek

Mrs. Collins knows the names of all institutions of importance in the United States and the places where they are located. She is familiar with every important office building. Thus, if a letter came to hand directed merely to "Powers Block," without anything further, she would write Rochester in the lower corner of the envelope without stopping to think. She is familiar with French and German, but has at least a smattering of several other languages, and is able to decipher addresses in Arabic and Greek.

In addition, she has a wonderful memory, and sheer "gumption" enables her to help out a great many people who suffer from momentary confusion of mind when they direct letters. Thus one may write "Goose Bay," meaning Duck Creek, or "Mount Pisgah," when one should say Mount Horeb. Lots of such errors are made through inadvertence. A good example of incomplete address was found on a letter which bore the superscription: "Miss Isabel Marbury, Stock." Remembering that Marbury was a not uncommon Massachusetts name, Mrs. Collins promptly sent it along to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where it belonged.

One might suppose that Chinese letters would be a puzzle, but such is far from being the case. Those which come to this country are always addressed most carefully in English, as well as in Oriental characters, and the Dead Letter Office at Washington has no trouble with them worth mentioning.



Mind in Brutes

"THE elephant is the mechanical engineer among animals," said Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the Washington Zoo. "No other member of the brute creation possesses any such mechanical dexterity. One is almost tempted to say dexterity of manipulation, inasmuch as the trunk is used like a hand. An elephant will learn not only to carry lumber (a purpose for which the pachyderm is frequently employed in the Orient), but to do many things that require delicacy of touch, such as untying knots. I have known one of these animals to spend many hours night after night in trying to remove the holding-pin from his shackle.

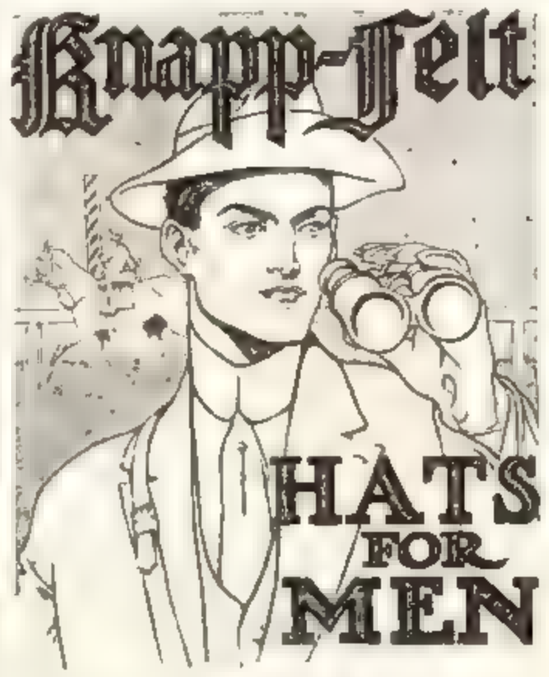
"Here is one point wherein the intelligence of the elephant differs strikingly from that of the monkey. He is extraordinarily persistent, pursuing a single idea with a patient determination rarely found even in human beings. The monkey, on the other hand, is always the brute described by Kipling, with no continuity of thought or purpose. His special and unequaled accomplishment is that of an equilibrist. Respecting the quality of his thinking we do not really know very much, many of his actions that seem most intelligent and human-like being mere imitation.

"It has been asserted by a recent writer that domestication causes the brains of animals to deteriorate. In support of which statement it is urged that horses which have run wild in Australia have become remarkably intelligent through being obliged to think for themselves and get a living for themselves, though what they gain in this way is acquired at the expense of beauty and other qualities which make horses valuable to man. Horses that give up thinking and submit to their masters' orders, it is argued, are the most useful, and therefore most likely to be encouraged to perpetuate their species under conditions of domestication.

"All of this may be true, but I confess that my own observation does not indorse it. The dog undeniably is much more intelligent than the wolf from which it sprang. As for the horse, its mind seems rather to be developed than otherwise through intimate contact with man, its ideas and interests being modified thereby. I have seen, at the Zoological Park in New York, the famous wild horses from the steppes of Western Mongolia, and it did not strike me that they were particularly clever. Yet these horses have never been domesticated hitherto, the first ones known to civilization being captured, fifty-two in number, by Khirgiz rough riders, and forwarded, in 1900, to Hamburg, where twenty-three of them were delivered alive.

"Unquestionably, however, domestication does affect unfavorably the intelligence of some animals notably that of birds. The farmyard goose is a stupid creature compared with the wild goose, which is a noble fowl, and hardly to be recognized as the same creature."

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K



SOFT-HAT time is the early fall, when the picturesque Knapp-Felt shapes harmonize with the negligee attire.

It is an agreeable change from the rigid straw hat to a comfortable Knapp-Felt, which may express in its lines the individual whim of the wearer. The careless grace of a well-handled Knapp-Felt soft hat will appeal to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

Knapp-Felt is not like any other hat-fabric and is not intended to be. The unique mellow texture of Knapp-Felt soft hats—so pleasant to the touch and attractive to the sight, the exquisite colors of the steadfast Cronap dye and the wear-resisting quality form a combination peculiar to the product of the C & K shop.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats, soft or derbies, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felt hats are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

THE HOUSEWIFE

SIX MONTHS FOR FIFTEEN CENTS!

We will send THE HOUSEWIFE on trial to New Subscribers all the rest of this year, July to December both inclusive, for Only Fifteen Cents

THE HOUSEWIFE is the largest and best magazine for women published at a popular price. THE HOUSEWIFE has been recognized as the foremost Women's Household Magazine by hundreds of thousands of readers for the last twenty-three years. It is different from all other publications and is unique in its Individuality and Character, while the Contents of each number are exactly described by the name it bears, as it is edited with the intention of interesting and pleasing every woman who has the management of her Home and its Affairs.

A FEW HOUSEWIFE CONTRIBUTORS

The columns of ***The Housewife*** *have been graced by the work of the following writers, among others:*

Mary E. Wilkins	J. L. Harbour	Geo. Madden Martin	Marion Ames Taggart
Marion Harland	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps	Eleanor H. Porter	Lillian Bell
Amelia E. Barr	Annie Hamilton Donnell	Mary Lewis	Nora Archibald Smith
Sophie Swett	Hilda Richmond	Owen Kildare	Bella Elliot Palmer
Emma C. Dowd	Amanda M. Douglas	Mary Madeline Wood	Lillian Dynevor Rice

There is never a dull or uninteresting line printed in THE HOUSEWIFE, and no household publication in existence is more thoroughly read or more fully appreciated; it is always Wholesome, Cheerful, Helpful, Practical and Timely.

The Leading Features and Departments of The Housewife:

Fancy Work Department

THE most desirable of the new, with the best of the old ideas and designs, will as usual be described and illustrated in this department, such as Art Needlework, Crochet, Knitting, Lace, and other Home Arts requiring the use of needles and hooks, and the department will supply valuable ideas for those who have time to spare and wish to use it to add to their personal or home decorations. The very latest fancy work conceits will be found in this department every month.

The Home Nook

THIS is the most practical of our departments and any and all subjects pertaining to the welfare of the household will be treated clearly and in season. Our editors are always seeking information, based upon actual experiences, which will lighten the labors of the housewife and aid her in her daily duties. Our readers may look with confidence to this department for suggestions and advice on the various phases of home life that will aid most in the making of a cheery, happy, well-ordered home.

Kitchen Department

WHETHER a subscriber lives on the coast of Maine or on the plains of Arizona, she will always find something good in this department, without spending half her income or hunting the world over for ingredients. We are firm believers in the Simple Life when it comes to cookery, and while something elaborate may be desirable occasionally, we are planning so that our readers may not have to spend any more time in the kitchen than is necessary for the preparation of good wholesome food.

Late Fashions

We are frequently told that our Fashions are the most satisfactory shown in any popular household journal and we strive persistently for improvement.

We aim to show good taste as well as good sense in our patterns and illustrations, and they are always sensible, seasonable and never extravagant. The reputation of New York women for correct dress is world-wide, and our patterns show **the Latest and Best in New York Styles.**

The Mother's Hour

THIS department will continue in its helpful mission and we shall keep in mind the moral and spiritual as well as the physical needs of both mothers and children in selecting the matter for it. Many new writers have been secured and we shall retain the former ones, who are already familiar to our readers. The Mother's Hour is a dependable feature of THE HOUSEWIFE and many look for it eagerly every month.

Editorial Outlook

OUR editor touches life at many points, and in the coming year he will try more than ever to make his little monthly "Sermons" timely, cheerful and to the point. With the inspiration that naturally comes from a rapidly increasing audience, you may expect some very enjoyable talks in this particular corner, and we feel very sure that he will do his utmost to retain the warm regard of our millions of readers.

The Social Circle

THIS feature of THE HOUSEWIFE, which is so much thought of by our readers, will continue under the capable direction of Miss Blake, and she is always glad to find room for the letters from those who have something to say and know how to say it so as to confer the greatest good to the greatest number.

The letters printed in The Social Circle are, as one subscriber expresses it, "as good as a visit from a friend."

What Subscribers Say:

"UNDER the Editorial outlook we [illegible] the whole magazine [illegible] Woman's Department [illegible] mothers, it should certainly be done."

"YES, certainly there are [illegible] the best magazines going. [illegible] beautiful [illegible] compare favorably with the rest of them."

"YOUR editorials are the best I have ever read. I look forward to the [illegible] to me and I read them often in our Mothers Meeting."

"WHILE I am renewing my subscription I can't help speaking a word of praise for your good paper. I did not intend to take this year, but [illegible] it came and I had such a [illegible] I could not do without it. I like all the stories—they alone are really worth the price of the paper."

"IT is an interesting paper, the editorials are unusually [illegible] to get a good and the stories are always good and helpful."

"WE HAVE been readers, lovers and appreciators of THE HOUSEWIFE for years. In these days of [illegible] cheap yellow—cheap publications, words [illegible] for the work of the editor of THE HOUSEWIFE."

"I HAVE just received THE HOUSEWIFE and think it is [illegible] one of the very best reading, and [illegible] especially struck me as the [illegible] We have mothers right [illegible] that ought to read this editorial."

"PLEASE accept my praise for the 1907 numbers of [illegible] one I think is one of the most entertaining monthly papers that I have ever come across and [illegible] everybody. It has more stories in it than many of the ten and fifteen cent papers. You have so many very short [illegible] that THE HOUSEWIFE is one of the most welcome visitors that come to our house."

Occasional and seasonable articles on such subjects as Health, Sanitation, Etiquette, Floriculture, Home Decoration, Home Carpentry, Nursing, Canning and Preserving, Entertaining, etc., are features of THE HOUSEWIFE, while the stories printed are of the good old-fashioned sort with now and then a few that please those who want the modern mark upon them.

SIX MONTHS FOR FIFTEEN CENTS!

We will send THE HOUSEWIFE on trial to New Subscribers all the rest of this year, July to December both inclusive, for Only Fifteen Cents

THE HOUSEWIFE is well printed, attractively illustrated, enclosed in beautiful colored covers, and each number comprises from **20 to 36 pages.** We feel confident that the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* will find THE HOUSEWIFE **just the sort of a magazine that they will be glad to have in their homes,** and every person who reads this offer is cordially invited to subscribe. In the event of any dissatisfaction, the money will be returned cheerfully. Please remit by P.O. Order or in postage stamps. Silver usually comes safely if enclosed in a very strong envelope. Address all orders to

THE HOUSEWIFE PUBLISHING CO., 52 Duane St., New York

Speculation—By Our Readers

Hope Springs Eternal

THAT speculation is, generally speaking, demoralizing, whether a man win or lose, I think no one of experience will deny; but since the vast majority of us are quite willing to make the effort to withstand the demoralizing effects attending winning, the question of greatest importance appears to deal with why speculators almost invariably lose.

The great German economist, Cohn, defined speculation as "The struggle of well-equipped intelligence against crude facts," and, from an experience of nearly ten years as a speculator and student of the market, in a small way—aided by a keen memory—I think disaster comes to us most often because we base our operations on hope rather than on our intelligence and on facts. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. It is the one great boon of humanity without which we would not go on. It enables us to drag fevered frames across arid deserts; to stand apparently intact against ravaging diseases; to hang on, and sometimes to win, when every chance has melted away; but in speculation *hope* provides a pitfall

If we buy Q. & Y. Railroad stock at 70 for a rise to 80 or 90, it is not usually because we have looked into the merits of the stock, or studied the late movements of the market—particularly the late movements of our Q. & Y. stock, and the reasons, or assigned reasons, for such movements. Most often we do not know the territory our road traverses; its mileage, capitalization, its rate of dividend, its earnings; whether it derives its principal revenue as a coal or grain-carrying road; if a grain-carrying road whether the grain crops are bounteous, or give promise of being bounteous, or whether the stock has already advanced because of this. We do not attempt to investigate the thousand other facts regarding conditions generally, particularly the conditions surrounding our purchase. True, the facts are often difficult to obtain, and much more difficult to thrash out; but do we make the effort? I think that most often, if not always, we do not. We make our purchases because the supposed insiders, the financial writers, the tipsters, adroitly suggest a ten or twenty point move; because an advancing market puts fever into our brains. We figure on the money we could have made because a stock has advanced, and for fear it may further advance, without our getting in, we yield to temptation; we buy and hope.

And suppose we win. With our hopes of getting a ten or twenty point profit fulfilled, the market looks stronger than when we bought—naturally it must appear strongest at the top—do we stop to think that it has advanced ten or twenty points? Most often I think not. We stay in on hope the hope that it will advance another five, ten or twenty points And supposing we should get out, and our stock should move a few points farther up, we again think of the money we would have made by staying in; we are impatient; we again yield to temptation; we again buy, principally on hope, the hope that it may continue to rise.

Speculation, holding out as it does the greatest opportunities for great profits quickly, must naturally be encompassed with the greatest risks and dangers. There are a hundred nay a thousand, reasons why it is easier to lose than to win, but I think we lose most often because we base our operations on hope. —D. B. P.

The Bane of Short Sales

IF SPECULATION in stocks were the same as speculation in real estate or merchandise as Henry Clews would have your readers suppose, does any sane man believe there would be as many financial wrecks as there are strewn on the sands of speculation? Not by any means Every one who has entered the arena of Wall Street soon learns that there are two sides to the market the bulls and the bears and it is a well-known fact that bearish methods are constantly employed to depress the value of stocks, notwithstanding their merits as measured by earnings and competent management, so that even though one use the very best of judgment in the selection of his securities, he can do nothing toward discounting bearish news, which is issued and disseminated broadcast by those who wish to obtain a controlling influence in the affairs of a corporation.

Then, again, there are frequently among the board of directors those who find it to their interest to reduce dividends, or pass them altogether, for mere speculative purposes. And then, in the management of the affairs of a corporation, the ordinary individual with holdings of one hundred or two hundred shares practically has no voice whatever, as the annual meetings are usually cut-and-dried affairs, and the feeble protest of a minority stockholder receives no attention whatever.

Suppose a man buys a piece of real estate. If his judgment has been good in the selection of the site, time and natural increase in population will almost invariably increase the value of his holdings materially, and the property will not be subject to the vicissitudes of rumors and counter rumors, as is an investment or speculation on the Stock Exchange. He also has the satisfaction of knowing he has something tangible —something from which he can derive a revenue, and over which he has absolute control, which is not the case when he becomes a stockholder in any of the corporations whose shares are listed and traded in on the Stock Exchanges of this country.

If the Stock Exchange is a Gibraltar in time of panic, as Mr. Clews says, then I do not think much of the strength of Gibraltar. How many men were saved from absolute ruin during the recent panic of October last? On the contrary, how many men were absolutely ruined by being forced to sell their securities at heavy sacrifices? It is a well-known fact that the Pittsburg Stock Exchange was closed indefinitely in order to prevent absolute ruin to the banks and business men of that city by reason of forced sales and consequent calling of loans. Had it been a Gibraltar in time of such stress, would it have been closed? It certainly would not.

I believe a Stock Exchange to be a necessity, but "short sales" something which should be prevented, if not by rules of the exchange, then by suitable legislation. No one should have a right to sell something he never owned for the purpose of depressing the value of another's property.

—W. A. S.

A Country Merchant's Way

LAST fall, having a few thousand dollars of idle funds and feeling that railroad stocks would pay a better interest rate than real-estate loans, I bought some stock of a "standard" railway company, paying for it outright and intending it as a long-time investment.

The conservative financial articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST were partially responsible for my having confidence to make an investment in the stock market —something I had never done before.

A few weeks after my first purchase the price of my stock had declined ten points, and I bought a second lot, again paying for it in full.

The panic "arrived" soon after and with it came a still further decline of ten points. I did not buy any at the low point, but after it had advanced five points I made a third purchase, having the last two lots transferred to my credit on my brokers' books and giving them an "open order" to sell at a certain price that would pay me a fair profit. After the market reached my price and the stock was sold I bought again on a reaction.

Soon afterward, having business in the city where my brokers are located, I put in a few hours watching the market and bought some stock of another company, my brokers paying for it and having the two lots of stock as security for the loan. This last purchase was sold the next day at a small profit, and on subsequent trips to the city I have repeated the transaction several times.

On the recent advancing market I sold out most of the stock I had paid for in full at a profit.

The dividends received on my stock, together with the profits made on sales, have paid me at the rate of eighteen per cent. per annum on my investment. Following the policy of buying only stocks of "standard" railway companies with good dividend records, and only at such times as the market price was low enough to make the prospective dividends yield a fair rate of interest on the investment, and further, never making a purchase that I could not pay for in *full*, if necessary, and never selling "short," I am unable to see that I have gambled or that I have run any serious risk of loss. Had I bought my first two lots on the usual margin, and, later, had I been unable to advance further margins, I should have lost every dollar invested. My profits have been far from phenomenal but are fully as large as I planned them to be. —A COUNTRY MERCHANT

What Sandwiches Did

WHO would believe that a couple of ham sandwiches and a few radishes could be the means of entirely changing a man's views on the subject of stock gambling, or—what amounts to the same thing—buying stocks on a margin?

When I was about twenty-five years of age I had made a few hundred dollars on a fortunate business deal, and with it bought shares of Western Union. Holding these a few months I sold them at a net profit of 17¾ per cent. after having deducted all commissions.

In September, 1897, I purchased fifty shares of Wheeling and Lake Erie preferred at 17¾. This I held a year and five months, paid two assessments on the stock, and sold it in February, 1899, at a profit of a fraction over twenty per cent.

This was doing pretty well, and in March, 1899, I bought ten shares of Federal Steel preferred at 87½ and eight shares of common at fifty-two, making a total investment of $1291.

But now I had caught the fever; I wasn't making money fast enough by buying stocks outright in a legitimate way, so I made up my mind to do a little buying on a margin.

When I was a lad John D. Flower, of Flower & Co., the well-known brokers, was a resident of my native city, and I had always known him and his family. I called at his office on Broadway one morning and told him I wanted to sell my Federal Steel and buy some stocks on a margin, asking him what margin he would charge to carry the account. He told me twenty per cent. I was considerably surprised, as I knew stocks were purchased for clients at a very much lower margin, and expressed my surprise to him. He asked me into his private office, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "A——, you haven't money enough to play the market in that way; you may make one or two fortunate deals, but just as sure as you live you will lose in the end. Take my advice and buy your stocks outright."

I accepted his advice and, thanking him for it, went back to my hotel where I was making a stay of several weeks.

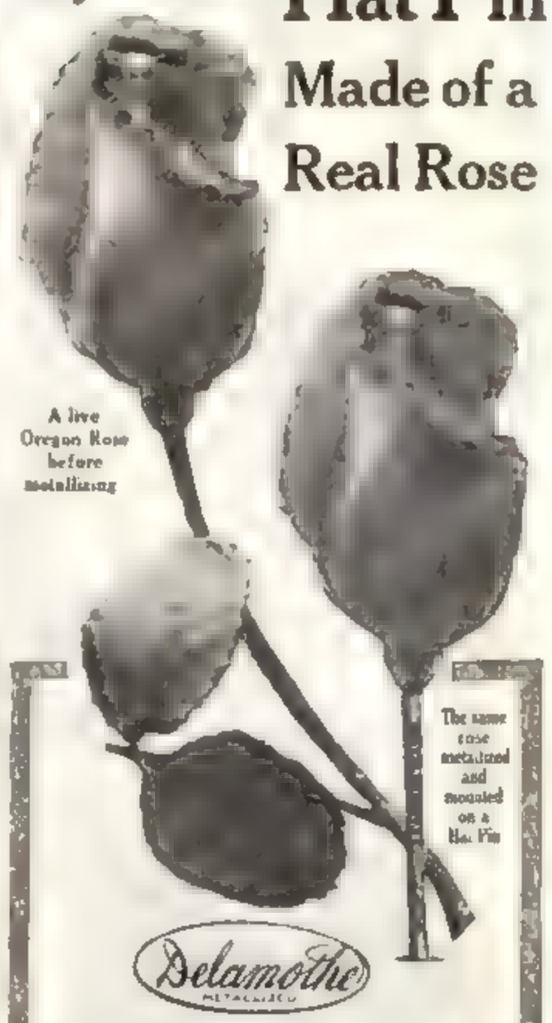
At that time the "Flower stocks" were going up by leaps and bounds, and unfortunately for me there was a broker's office in the hotel. I watched the stocks going up day by day, and finally, unable to resist the temptation any longer, bought thirty shares of Federal Steel common at 72 on a ten per cent margin.

The next day R. P. Flower went out fishing, and returning ate some ham sandwiches and radishes which brought on an attack of acute indigestion, causing his death.

Every one remembers what happened to the stock market at that time, and you may be assured I was kept pretty busy putting up margins for a few days. Unfortunately I was able to borrow money to do so. Had it been otherwise my loss would have stopped at the three hundred dollars I had put up for margins, but I borrowed to keep my margins good, and finally hypothecated the stocks I had bought outright. All went the same road and when I finally closed out at 38 I had dropped every dollar I had made by my legitimate purchases and several hundred dollars in addition.

That was the first and last time I ever bought stocks on a margin. —A. J. L.

Buy "Her" a Hat Pin Made of a Real Rose



Real Rose Hat Pins

These Hat Pins are made out of live roses, and changed into metal by a secret process. This process is a discovery of the noted French electro-chemist, Prof. L. G. Delamothe, and is without doubt one of the lost arts of the ancient Egyptians. It is the only process by which an open rose can be perfectly metallized. The roses used are grown in Oregon, famous the world over for their beauty and superiority. Being made out of live roses, there, of course, can be no two alike. No sculptor can produce anything near so beautiful, so artistic or so perfect.

A present which is truly exclusive and can't be duplicated. Finished in colors to conform to the prevailing fashions in millinery, such as Rose Gold, Green Gold, Pink Silver, Oxidized Silver, Oxidized Copper, etc. Made in six sizes from the smallest rose bud to the full blown rose, costing

$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.75, $4.50

What present would be nearly so much appreciated by sweetheart, wife, mother or sister?

If you will buy the genuine DELAMOTHE Rose Hat Pin look for the name on the pin [illegible] Delamothe Hat Pin Book, telling about the wonderful process, mailed FREE, upon request.

Delamothe Distributing Co.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 15, Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.

VASSAR PINS

Unbreakable, unbendable.

Needle-pointed steel pins that penetrate any fabric without tearing.

Eyes that don't come open in use.

Finish: Nickel Plate, Jet and Dull Black Enamel, 14 K Rolled Gold and 14 K Roman Plate.

Price, Nickel, Jet, or Dull Black, 4 on card, 10 cents; 14 K Gold Plate, 2 on card, 25 cents.

Your dealer will supply you. If he doesn't keep them, the kind and size wanted will be sent by mail on the receipt of price and dealer's name. Money back if you're not satisfied

Consolidated Safety Pin Company
28 Farrand Street Bloomfield, N. J.

PATENTS that PROTECT

Free Illustrated Inventor mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

That doesn't mean they will wear only six months!

Manheim Mendless Socks

wear much longer, but if they need darning within six months you get new ones *free*.

Doubly re-enforced toes and heels. Fast colors, and they also retain their softness and shape after washing.

Sizes 9½ to 11½ in black, light and dark tan, navy blue and gray. Sold only 6 pairs (one size) in a box, with guarantee.

If your dealer hasn't **Manheim Mendless Socks**, don't accept a substitute. Send us $1, state size (or size of shoe) and color assorted colors if desired and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills
46 E Granby St., Manheim, Pa.

Reference: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.

Attractive terms to dealers in territory where we are not represented.

Protect Your Teeth

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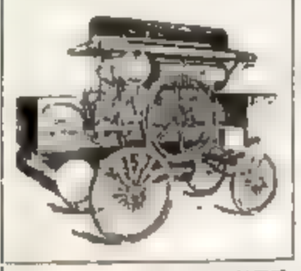

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

then went out, mounted and took the road to Pride's Fall, letting his horse choose his own pace.

Moving along through the pretty forest road he glanced casually right and left as he advanced, tapping his riding-boots in rhythm to the air he was humming in a careless undertone—something about a shepherd and the plural tastes of man.

His mood was inspired by that odd merriment which came from sheer perversity. When the depths and shallows of his contradictory character were disturbed a ripple of what passed for mirth covered all the surface; if there was any profundity to the man the ripple obscured it. No eye had ever penetrated the secrecy of what lay below; none ever would. Perhaps, there was nothing there.

He journeyed on, his horse ambling or walking as it suited him, or sometimes veering to stretch a long, glossy neck and nip at a bunch of leaves.

The cock-partridge stood on his drumming-log and defied the forest rider, all unseen; rabbit and squirrel sat bolt upright with palpitating flanks and moist, bright eyes at gaze; overhead the slow hawks sailed, looking down at him as he rode.

Sometimes Malcourt whistled to himself, sometimes he sang in a variably agreeable voice, and, now and then, he quoted the poets, taking pleasure in the precision of his own diction.

"C'est le jour des morts,
Mirliton, Mirlitaine!
Requiescant in pace!"

he chanted; and quoted more of the same bard with a grimace, adding, as he spurred his horse:

"*Poeta nascitur, non fit!*—the poet's nasty and not fit. Zut! Boum-boum! Get along, old fellow, or we'll never see the pretty ladies of Pride's Hall this blooming day!"

There was a shorter cut by a spotted trail, and when he saw the first blaze glimmering through the leaves he steered his horse toward it. The sound of voices came distantly from the wooded heights above—far laughter, the faint aroma of a wood fire; no doubt some picnickers, treapassing as usual, but that was Mrs. Ascott's affair.

A little later, far below him, he caught a glimpse of a white gown among the trees. There was a spring down there somewhere in that thicket of silver birches; probably one of the trespassers was drinking. So, idly curious, he rode that way, his horse making no sound on the thick moss.

"If she's ornamental," he said to himself, "I'll linger to point out the sin of trespassing—that is, if she is sufficiently ornamental——"

His horse stepped on a dead branch which cracked; the girl in white, who had been looking out through the birch-trees across the valley, turned her head.

They recognized each other even at that distance; he uttered a low exclamation of satisfaction, sprang from his saddle, and led his horse down among the mossy rocks of the water-course to the shelf of rock overhanging the ravine, where she stood as motionless as one of the silver saplings.

"Virginia," he exclaimed, humorously abashed, "shall I say I am glad to see you, and how d'you do, and offer you my hand? —or had I better not?"

He thought she meant to answer; perhaps she meant to, but found no voice at her disposal.

He dropped his bridle over a branch and, drawing off his gloves, walked up to where she was standing.

"I knew you were at Pride's Hall," he said; "I'm aware, also, that nobody there either expected or wished to see me. But I wanted to see you, and little things of that sort couldn't keep me away. Where are the others?"

She strove twice to answer him, then turned abruptly, steadying herself against a birch-tree with one arm.

"Where are the others, Virginia?" he asked gently.

"On the rocks beyond."

"Picnicking?"

"Yes."

"How charming!" he said; "as though one couldn't see enough country out of one's windows every minute in the year. But you can't tell where sentiment will crop up; some people don't object to chasing grasshoppers off the dishes. I do. . . . It's rather fortunate I found you alone; saves a frigid reception and cruel comments after I'm gone. After I'm gone, Virginia."

He seated himself where the sunlight fell agreeably and looked off over the valley. A shrunken river ran below—a mere thread of life through its own stony skeleton—a mockery of what it once had been before the white-hided things on two legs had cut the forests from the hills and killed its cool, mossy sources in their channels. The crushers of pulp and the sawyers of logs had done their dirty work thoroughly; their acids and their sawdust poisoned and choked; their devastation turned the tree-clothed hill-flanks to arid lumps of sand and rock.

"Just think!" he said aloud, "of these trees being turned into newspapers!"

He looked up at her whimsically.

"How are you, Virginia?"

"I am perfectly well."

"Are you well enough to sit down and talk to me for half an hour?"

She made no reply.

"Don't be dignified; there is nothing more inartistic, except a woman who is trying to be brave on an inadequate income."

She did not move or look at him.

"Virginia—dear?"

"What?"

"Do you remember that day we met in the surf—and you said something insolent to me, and bent over, laying your palms flat on the water, looking at me over your shoulder?"

"Yes."

"You knew what you were doing?"

"Yes."

"This is part of the consequences. That's what life is, nothing but a game of consequences. I knew what I was doing; you admit you were responsible for yourself; and nothing but consequences have resulted ever since. Sit down and be reasonable and friendly, won't you?"

"I cannot stay here."

"Try," he said, smiling, and made room for her on the sun-crisped moss. A little later she seated herself with an absent-minded air and gazed out across the valley. A leaf or two, prematurely yellow, drifted from the birches.

"It reminds me," he said thoughtfully, "of that exquisite poem on Autumn:

"'The autumn leaves are falling,
They're falling everywhere;
They're falling in the atmosphere,
They're falling in the air——'

—and I don't remember any more, dear."

"Did you wish to say anything to me besides nonsense?" she asked, flushing.

"Did you expect anything else from me?"

"I had no reason to."

"Oh; I thought you might have been prepared for a little wickedness."

She turned her eyes, more green than blue, on him.

"I was not unprepared."

"Nor I," he said gayly; "don't let's disappoint each other. You know our theory is that the old families are decadent; and I think we ought to try to prove any theory we advance—in the interests of psychology. Don't you?"

"I think we have proved it."

He laughed, and passing his arm around her drew her head so that it rested against his face.

"That is particularly dishonorable," she said in an odd voice.

"Because I'm married?"

"Yes; and because I know it."

"That's true; you didn't know it when we were at Palm Beach. That was tamer than this. I think now we can very easily prove our theory." And he kissed her, still laughing. But when he did it again she turned her face against his shoulder.

"Courage," he said; "we ought to be able to prove this theory of ours—you and I together——"

She was crying.

"If you're feeling guilty on Shiela's account, you needn't," he said. "Didn't you know she can scarcely endure me?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, then——"

"No—no—no! Louis—I care too much——"

"For yourself?"

"N-no."

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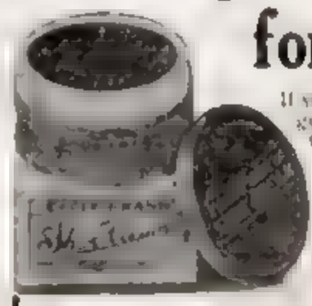

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"For me? For Shiela? For public opinion?"

"No."

"For what?"

"I—I think it must be for—for—just for being—decent."

He inspected her with lively interest.

"Hello," he said coolly, "you're disproving our theory!"

She turned her face away from him, touching her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Or," he added ironically, "is there another man?"

"No," she said, without resentment; and there was a certain quality in her voice new to him—a curious sweetness that he had never before perceived.

"Tell me," he said quietly, "have you really suffered?"

"Suffered? Yes."

"You really cared for me?"

"I do still."

A flicker of the old malice lighted his face.

"But you won't let me kiss you! Why?"

She looked up into his eyes. "I feel as powerless with you as I was before. You could always have had your will. Once I would not have blamed you. Now it would be cowardly—because—I have forgiven myself."

"I won't disturb your vows," he said seriously.

"Then—I think you had better go."

"I am going. . . . I only wanted to see you again. . . . May I ask you something, dear?"

"Ask it."

"Then—you are going to get over this, aren't you?"

"Not as long as you live, Louis."

"Oh! . . . And suppose I were not living?"

"I don't know."

"Then I must come to the scarcely flattering conclusion that there is in me a source of hideous depravity, the unseen emanations of which, like those of the classic upas-tree, are purest poison to a woman morally constituted as you are."

She looked up as he laughed; but there was no mirth in her bewildered eyes.

He sat very still there in the afternoon sunshine, pondering; and sometimes his gaze searched the valley depths below, lost among the treetops; sometimes he studied the far horizon where the little blue hills stood up against the sky like little blue waves at sea. His hat was off; the cliff breeze played with his dark, curly hair, lifting it at the temples, stirring the one obstinate strand that never lay quite flat on the crown of his head.

Twice she looked around as though to interrupt his preoccupation, but he neither responded nor even seemed to be aware of her presence; and she sighed imperceptibly and followed his errant eyes with her own.

At last:

"Is there no way out of it for you, Louis? I am not thinking of myself," she added simply.

He turned fully around.

"If there was a way out I'd take it and marry you."

"I did not ask for that; I was thinking of you."

He was silent.

"Besides," she said, "I know that you do not love me."

"That is true only because I *will* not. I could."

She looked at him.

"But," he said calmly, "I mustn't; because there is no way out for me—there's no way out of anything for me—while I live—down here."

"Down—where?"

"On this exotic planet called the earth, dear child," he said with mocking gravity. "I'm a sort of moon-calf—a seed blown clear from Saturn's surface, which fell here and sprouted into the thing you call Louis Malcourt." And, his perverse gayety in full possession of him again, he laughed, and his mirth was tinctured with the bittersweet of that humorous malice which jeered unkindly only at himself.

"All to the bad, Virginia—all to the bowwows—judging me from your narrow, earthly standard. . . . By the way, I never gave you anything, did I? a Chinese god, for example?"

She shook her head, bewildered at his inconsequences.

"No, I never did. You're not entitled to a gift of a Chinese god from me. But I've given eighteen of them to a number of—ah—friends. I had nineteen, but never had the—right to present that nineteenth god."

"What do you mean, Louis?"

"Oh, those gilded idols are the deities of secrecy. Their commandment is, 'Thou shalt not be found out.' So I distributed them among those who worship them—that is, I have so directed my executors. . . . By the way, I made a new will."

He looked at her cheerfully, evidently very much pleased with himself.

"And *what* do you think I've left to you?"

"Louis, I don't ——"

"Why, the bridle, saddle, crop and spurs I wore that day when we rode to the ocean! Don't you remember the day that you noticed me listening and asked me what I heard?"

"Y-yes ——"

"And I told you I was listening to my father?"

Again that same chilly tremor passed over her as it had then.

The sun, low over the Adirondack foothills, hung above bands of smouldering cloud. Presently, it dipped into them, hanging triple-ringed, like Saturn on fire.

"It's time for you to go," he said in an altered voice; and she turned to find him standing and ready to aid her.

A little pale with the realization that the end had come so soon she stood up and walked slowly back to where his horse stood munching leaves.

"Well, Virginia—good-by, little girl. You'll be all right before long."

There was no humor left in his voice now, no mocking in his dark gaze.

She raised her eyes to his in vague distress.

"Where are the others?" he asked. "Oh, up on those rocks? Yes, I see the smoke of their fire. . . . Say good-by to them for me—not *now*—some day."

She did not understand him; he hesitated, smiled, and took her in his arms.

"Good-by, dear," he said.

"Good-by."

They kissed.

After she was half-way to the top of the rocks he mounted his horse. She did not look back.

"She's a good little sport," he said, smiling; and, gathering bridle, he turned back into the forest. This time he neither sang nor whistled as he rode through the red splendor of the setting sun. But he was very busy listening.

There was plenty to hear, too; woodthrushes were melodious in the late afternoon light; infant crows cawed from high nests unseen in the leafy treetops; the stream's thin, silvery song threaded the forest quiet, accompanying him as he rode home.

Home? Yes—if this silent house where he dismounted could be called that. The place was very still. Evidently the servants had taken advantage of their master's and mistress' absence to wander out into the woods. Some of the stablemen had the dogs out, too; there was nobody in sight to take his horse, so he led the animal to the stables and found there a lad to relieve him.

Then he retraced his steps to the house and entered the deserted garden, where pearl-tinted spikes of iris perfumed the air and great masses of peonies nodded along borders banked deep under the long wall. A few butterflies still flitted in the golden radiance, but already that solemn harbinger of dusk, the garden toad, had emerged from leafy obscurity into the gravel path, and hopped heavily forward as Malcourt passed by.

The house—nothing can be as silent as an empty house—echoed his spurred tread from porch to stairway. He went up to the first landing, not knowing why, then roamed aimlessly through, wandering from room to room, idly, looking on familiar things as though they were strange—strange, but uninteresting.

Upstairs and down, in, around and about, he drifted, quiet as a cat, avoiding only his wife's bedroom. He had never entered it since their marriage; he did not care to do so now, though the door stood wide. And, indifferent, he turned without even a glance, and, traversing the hall, descended the stairs to the library.

For a while he sat there, legs crossed, drumming thoughtfully on his boot with his riding-crop; and after a while he dragged the chair forward to the table and picked up a pen.

"Why not?" he said aloud; "it will save railroad fare—and she'll need it all."

So to his lawyer in New York he wrote as follows:

> "I won't come to town, after all. You have my letter and you know what I want done. Nobody is likely to dispute the matter, and it won't require a will to make my wife carry out the essence of the thing."

And signed his name.

When he had sealed and directed the letter he could find no stamp; so he left it on the table.

"That's the usual way they find such letters," he said, smiling to himself as the thought struck him. "It certainly is hard to be original. . . . But, then, I'm not ambitious."

He found another sheet of paper and wrote to Hamil:

> "All the same, you are wrong; I have always been your friend. My father comes first, as always; you second. There is no third."

This note, signed, sealed and addressed, he left with the other.

"Certainly I am not original in the least," he said, beginning another note.

Dolly Dear:

You have made good. *Continuez, chère enfant*—and if you don't know what that means your French lessons are in vain. Now the usual few words: Don't ignore convention unless there is a good reason—and then don't! When you're tired of behaving yourself go to sleep; and if you can't sleep, sleep some more; and then some. Men are exactly like women until they differ from them; there is no real mystery about either, outside of popular novels.

I am very, very glad that I have known you, Dolly. Don't tint yourself, except for the footlights. There are other things, but I can't think of them; and so, good-by.

LOUIS MALCOURT.

This letter he sealed and laid with the others; it was the last. There was nothing more to do except to open the table drawer and drop something into the side pocket of his coat.

Malcourt had no favorite spots in the woods and fields around him; one trail resembled another; he cared as much for one patch of woods, one wild meadow, one tumbling brook as he did for the next—which was not very much.

But there was one place where the sun-bronzed moss was deep and level; where, on the edge of a leafy ravine, the last rays of the sinking sun always lingered after all else lay in shadow.

Here he sat down thoughtfully, and for a little while remained in his motionless, listening attitude.

Then, smiling faintly, he lay back easily, pillowing his head on his left arm, and drew something from the side pocket of his coat.

The world had grown very still; across the ravine a deer among the trees watched him, motionless.

Suddenly the deer leaped in an ecstasy of terror and went crashing away into obscurity. But Malcourt lay very, very still. His hat was off; the cliff breeze played with his dark, curly hair, lifting it at the temples, stirring the one obstinate strand that never lay quite flat on the crown of his head.

A moment later the sun set.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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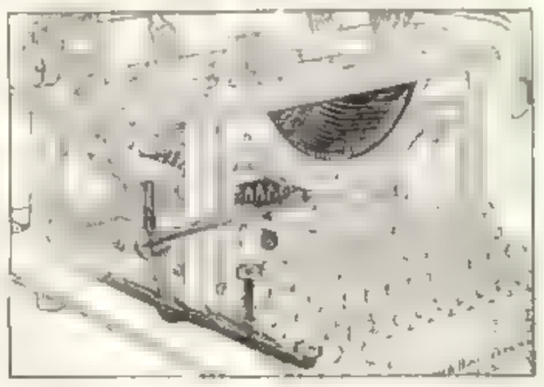

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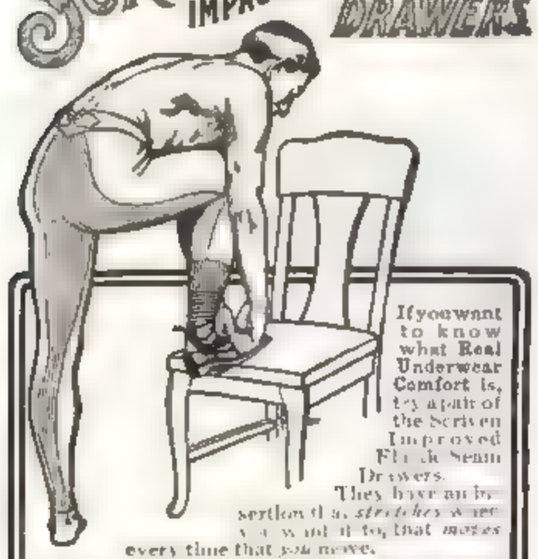

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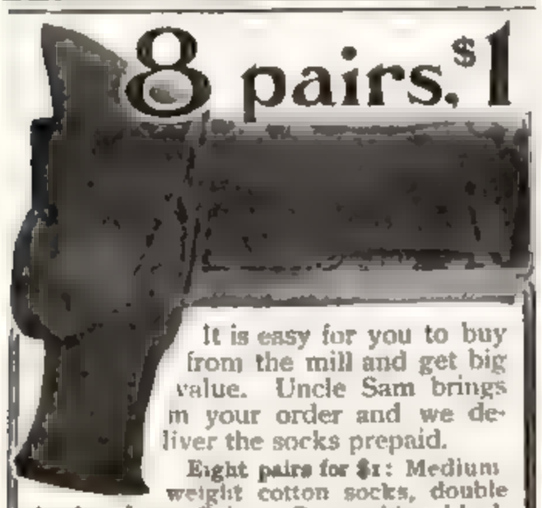

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NUMBER 9009

(Continued from Page 5)

was a cause of wonder to 9009. He wondered when he found that another stripes-clad man was allowed to go on errands to the neighboring town unattended. And he marveled at the fewness of the guards. Fifty of the fifteen hundred inmates could have overpowered with ease all the blue-clad guards within sight at one time, were fifty to act in concert.

He watched and wondered, and these were slow months. Without knowing it, he had begun to let his shoulders droop, and he shuffled slightly now when he walked. Amid many of his kind, he moved alone, silently watching. Daily he saw blue-clad guards carrying loaded rifles. Each evening he heard heavy bolts fall loudly into sockets. Each morning he woke to the faint taint in the air.

He rose at six to the resounding clang of a gong in the corridor. The rattle of released locks and jerked bolts was followed by the grate of opening doors, and the convicts, flowing out into the corridors, spent fifteen minutes cleaning them and cleaning their cells. For that time speaking was allowed; and 9009 noted how some of the stripes-clad men slipped, in passing, stealthy words from moveless lips; gathered about the sinks, others gibed each other cruelly; but some, their eyes on the floor always, muttered to themselves without cease. There was fifteen minutes of this, then, at the gong's stroke, the men, suddenly petrified into silence—the silence that was to last through the day—marched out to the dining-hall. From now on no speech was allowed. Silently each man stepped out of his cell, and placed his hands upon the shoulders of the man ahead of him, forming the lock-step line. The guard—he was a grizzled, blue-eyed fellow who had lived most of his life in prison; unarmed as were all the guards who worked within reach of the convicts—waited till they were in formation, and then unlocked the door at the bottom of the corridor. With a hissing of feet upon the concrete, the line moved smoothly forward, through this door, into a long outer corridor closed by a steel-barred gate from the yard. The guard, striding ahead, took position at this gate till the line had reached him and was compressed and orderly before him, then opened it, letting the line out into the yard, under the shadow of the walls. 9009 noticed that at this morning hour the guards were few upon the walls.

In the dining-hall the striped felon who had charge of the waiters commanded the line by signals, halting it at the door, then signing it to advance until the convicts were at their places at the tables, extending the room's length. At another signal the striped men sat down and began to eat dumbly. At each end of the hall, overhead in a small-barred gallery, a guard stood, rifle in hand, watching the dumb eaters.

They rose from their places at a final signal and, reforming, crawled outside. 9009, now, was a link, a vertebra, of the monstrous beast. He touched two shoulders before him; he felt two hands touching his shoulders behind. The line crept through the upper yard, along a track beaten as if into stone by its eternal passings, to the gates beneath the turret with its long, wicked muzzle of rapid-fire gun. The gates opened, and it filed out into a lane, between fences twenty feet high made of barbed wire with strands six inches apart, to the jute-mill.

They worked without speech in the jute-mill, but 9009 saw some of the convicts, passing among the looms on errands, steal words, sliding them through lips that remained motionless in their downturned faces. He stood before a whirring loom. At the height of his eyes, behind the multitudinous perpendicular lines of the warp, a clacking shuttle fled swiftly from right to left, from left to right, in unceasing flight. Whenever a thread of warp or woof broke he had to retie it quickly; whenever the shuttle became bare he dipped his hand into a basket kept filled by another convict and drew a new one, threading it into place. This was all he had to do—tie strings and change shuttles. The machine did everything else. Started by the mill superintendent—an old Scotchman, the only man in the prison who wore no uniform—it whirred on hour after hour, holding his rigid attention, the clacking shuttle fleeing back and forth before his eyes in incessant flight, till the superintendent, pressing a button, brought it finally to rest and freed him from its exactions.

Across the aisle from 9009, at another loom, stood the red-striped convict whom he had seen in the line the day he had entered the prison; and it was the garroter, with whom he had come in, who had charge of keeping the baskets filled with threaded shuttles. When the garroter had been assigned to this work a scene incomprehensible to 9009 had taken place. The garroter had pleaded against the order; little beads of sweat had welled up on his forehead; he had almost knelt to Jennings, standing there impassive, his light whip in hand. It had taken the latter's threat of solitary confinement to break the man's resistance.

At noon the striped line crept to the dining-hall and after the meal crept back to the jute-mill. At five o'clock it crept to supper, then to the cell-house, and all the time it had been dumb. Locked in their cells now, the convicts were again allowed to speak. Cell-mate spoke to cell-mate, quietly; friends threw jocular remarks through the bars; and sometimes enemy reviled enemy in words crawling as with vermin. At counting-bell they stood up with faces against the bars while a guard passed, scanning them. At nine o'clock the lights went out abruptly, all save two in the corridor. Then whispered murmurings sounded vague through the shadows, and the guard slipped silently along the tier-walks. The sound of heavy breathing succeeded. And 9009, lying on his back in his bunk, calculated the days, added to the days that were gone, subtracted from the days that were left, and his arms, folding themselves in a weary gesture, seemed to hug to his breast his "copper."

On Sundays the routine changed. Twice a month the tenants of the cell-houses went out into the yard for a few hours' recess; and twice a month, alternating, came chapel.

The chapel was a long, bare room with whitewashed walls, and a low ceiling supported by yellow posts. One of these posts, near the doors, had stapled into it, a little more than man-height from the ground, a single big iron ring. Just above this ring the yellow paint was soiled with an oily smudge, spreading fanwise, in which showed vague imprints of fingers and thumbs; and the floor immediately below was white and smooth as if from many scrubbings. This post, on weekdays, was the prison's whipping-post.

The convicts might see visitors on chapel days, in a space set apart for this near the office of the captain of the yard. But no one came to see 9009. And he did not care. He was becoming more and more absorbed in the earning of his "copper," absorbed like a miser hoarding gold, piece by piece. At times he thought of Nell—but without expectation, in a detached manner. His experience led him to expect nothing of her kind. "Probably hooked up with some guy long ago," was the mental remark with which he usually dismissed thought of her.

Lying in his bunk one night he was startled by a new and disturbing note in the noise of the sleeping prison, now so familiar to him. It was a rasp, a faint scratching, a rubbing of metal upon metal. He listened; after a while he made sure of the sound. It was the purring rasp of a saw rubbing metal, and it came from the cell next to his.

He knew the two in this cell—knew them from watching them as he watched all the others; they were ugly fellows, who always kept to themselves savagely. And now they were sawing the bars! He sat up on his elbow, listening, his heart a-pound with a contagion of excitement.

A voice reached him, a low voice of warning; there was a moving of bodies, a sly creaking of bunks; then along the steel gangway a shadowy guard passed, his rubber shoes at each step giving a little hiss. A silence followed, or, rather, the noise of the sleeping prison, a heavy animal breathing broken by gurglings and uncouth snorings, but conformant and familiar, free from the startling new note.

But the next night, and for many succeeding nights after, 9009 heard it again—the furtive purr of saw upon bar, then the low murmur of warning, and, along the gangway, the slight hiss of the guard's

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rubber shoes. And one noon he saw one of his hard-eyed neighbors snatch a piece of meat from the dining-table and conceal it within his blouse; he saw him repeat this on the following day. They must be ready for the break, the break that would lead them to freedom -or to death. Listening to the saw that night (its rasp was sharper that night, vibrant with a new impatience), 9009 suddenly thought of his "copper."

He might be blamed for this; he might be punished for having known; he might lose it, his "copper."

The idea of betrayal, however, did not even cross his mind. And the next morning he learned all about the trusties.

As, at cleaning-time, he passed the cell from which had come the sound of sawing, he saw inside of it the trusty who was cell-tender. The man—a lean fellow with pale-blue eyes and red hair—was stooping over the lower bunk, his hand underneath the blankets.

And that night the cell was empty, and soon there went around the prison the news that the guards had taken from the bunks in this cell a revolver and provisions, and had found the bars sawed nearly through. A great light had come to 9009.

It was the trusties! *They* guarded the convicts. They it was, and not the guards, who were the jailers. And the guards need not watch them; they watched one another. They were informers. They obtained their jobs, with the privileges that went with them, by betrayal; and they held them just as long as they did Judas work. He understood now why they had rat eyes.

The whole system lay open before him. It was a system of vast espionage, of stalking, of spying, of treachery, of betrayal. He himself was being constantly watched, watched with malevolent hope that he might stumble. Confidence in any one, of course, was impossible (he laughed as he thought of his former wonder at the absence of concerted breaks). He must stay alone, trust no one, speak to no one, isolate himself. The sheriff had spoken true. "Good old boy," he now thought, almost with tenderness.

This new knowledge dictated his conduct when, a few days later, he was given a cell-mate (up to this time he had been alone in his cell). Returning from the dining-hall after the evening meal he found a little, bent, striped man, with spiky white hair, sitting on the edge of his bunk. The little man sprang to his feet as 9009 entered. "That's your bunk, ain't it?" he said in a wheezy voice; "mine's the up one, ain't it?"

9009 stared at him, scowling. The little man's face was black with a mixture of dust and oil that clogged the pores; his eyes were inflamed, and the lower lids drooped, showing the red linings.

"You're going to be in this cell?" at last asked 9009.

"They put me here," answered the little man humbly. "My old mate, he's shoe-trusty now."

9009's defiance bristled at the word. Pushing the little man aside, he threw himself on his bunk, his face to the wall. After a time he heard him climb carefully into the upper bunk—then a fit of racking coughing came to his ears.

Several times during the night 9009 found himself awake, listening to this dry, hacking sound, and each time he thought of the new problem before him. When morning came he had his mind made up.

"You sweep and I make up the bunks," he said harshly to the new cell-mate. "Next week, you make up the bunks and I sweep. And"—his voice rose—"I don't talk to you and you don't talk to me—understand? I don't want to talk, and I don't want to listen, so don't you open your trap—understand?"

"All right," answered the little man, looking scared, and nodding his head meekly.

V

STANDING before his loom, watching through the threads the clacking shuttle speed from side to side, 9009 felt a yellow patch of light, which all day had been crawling slowly along the cement floor, strike his rough brogans at last. This told of the ending afternoon, and immediately a number sprang in his mind. 1760! In a few more hours he would have remaining to serve only 1760 days. 1760—if he held his "copper."

He had held it for six months, or, more exactly, for 184 days. Each night he added one day to the time that had gone; each night he subtracted one day from the time yet to be served. These calculations had become a mania with him. He would reduce to days his original sentence, then to days his "copper," then to days his original sentence minus his "copper," then his original sentence minus his "copper" minus the days served, and thus, by a laborious and circuitous path, would arrive at his result—the number of days remaining to be served—with a pleasant sense of surprise.

He had kept rigidly to his line of conduct. He had communicated with no man—convict, trusty or guard. He had spoken only once to his cell-mate.

"What makes your face so black?" he had asked in a sudden access of childish curiosity.

"I work at the emery wheel in the foundry," the little striped man had answered.

"And what makes you cough that way, so dry and hard like?" 9009 had continued.

"It's the emery dust a-cuttin' away me lungs," said the little man.

"Umph—that's what's the matter with your eyes, is it?" said 9009, looking at the drooping lower lids, showing red. Then, remembering, he had returned to his determined silence.

The yellow patch of light detached itself from the feet of 9009 and began its crawl toward the wall to his left; he watched his shuttle speeding with tireless movement from side to side. There were a hundred looms in the room; they stood in rows, with a scant four feet between the rows. The shuttle of each, flashing along its groove from side to side, snapped sharply into place at the end of each oscillation. "Clack-clack-clack," they went. The whir of the wheels and the smooth slide of moving parts united in a silken fabric of sound; above this rang the clacking chorus, multitudinous, incessant, like the gossiping tongues of many women. 9009 hated it.

At either end of the long, high room an iron-barred cage hung from the ceiling. In each cage stood a blue-clad guard, holding his rifle loosely, as though waiting to use it. Two other guards walked the floor of the room. 9009 feared these. They went about quietly, armed only with small canes. They reported infractions of rules and misbehavior; upon them depended the standing of every convict. One of them was Jennings, the sallow-faced guard with the white-gray eyes. Occasionally, feeling a presence, 9009 glanced behind him; at such a time it was always Jennings that he saw. The guard's face was heavy, expressionless; in his eyes was no light. Lying in his bunk at night, 9009 would often see these eyes.

Among the machines, bearing a basket filled with threaded shuttles, the garroter moved incessantly. Whenever the garroter came near, the eyes of 9009 would flit unconsciously across the aisle and would settle upon the red-striped convict, who stood there at his machine, with arms folded, his face turned down toward the roller, around which slid the finished fabric.

For six months 9009 had seen the garroter bear his basket of threaded shuttles, walking silently with bent back. Prison pallor had smeared the thug's face with its coat of gray. This had begun the first morning when in spite of his pleadings, he had been assigned to this work. 9009 remembered the grayness and the sweat that had come into the face then. These had never left the face. Always when he came to this part of the room they were there—a grayness, as of death, and little drops of sweat, as of fear.

The red-striped convict never looked up when the garroter came to his loom. He stood with folded arms, his eyes upon the winding cylinder almost at his feet, and his face was like a mask. It was like a mask of stone. And it expressed patience, a patience stony because infinite, a patience counting upon the future with absolute assurance.

The garroter always approached the loom of the red-striped convict from behind and from the left, though he must go out of his way to do this. His bearing changed then. He tiptoed on the balls of his feet, and his eyes never left the red-striped convict, standing there with folded arms, head lowered, with an impenetrable and slanting expression. It was strange, the way the strangler held his eyes on the other. Even when, having reached the loom, he dropped his basket and transferred the shuttles to the empty basket on the loom, he did not move his eyes.

The yellow square of sunshine had reached the wall to 9009's left now, and was beginning to climb it; in a few moments the Scotchman would press the button which stopped the machinery. Then, 9009 saw the garroter approaching with his basket of shuttles. He looked toward the red-striped convict, standing there with folded arms, his eyes downcast upon the loom's lower rollers. Something new, suddenly, had come into the man's face.

It was something impalpable, yet fairly screaming with meaning. It lay behind the mask, far back in the dull eyes. Something couchant there for days had moved; it had gathered itself and crouched, now, quivering. And in the mask had come a new heaviness, a heaviness that was a satisfaction, almost a satiety. But the man still stood motionless, his arms folded upon his breast, his face turned down.

The garroter came toward him; and, as it always did, his walk changed; he bent forward, touching the floor with the balls of his feet only, his eyes upon the red-striped convict. He stooped—and he did not see what was in the other's downcast, averted eyes, the thing crouching in ambush there. He laid down his basket; he grasped a handful of shuttles—and his gray face was turned upward as he bent. Then the red-striped convict turned upon the garroter.

The strangler's eyes widened, and into them came a great horror. Still bowed down, he looked up into the eyes of the other; little drops of sweat welled out upon his gray forehead; his bent limbs strove to straighten ——

And then the red-striped convict sprang; and as he sprang 9009 saw his right hand go up from his waist-band and flash above his head, clutching a long, heavy knife of gray-brown steel. The garroter was still striving to rise, and as he strove the red-striped convict was upon him. He was upon him like a boy playing leap-frog. His two hands, with a crunching sound, sank into the garroter's shoulders; his two legs twined themselves about the garroter's thick neck. The knife in the right hand rose, fell, rose again, fell, rose again, fell; it moved up and down like a swift piston; the heavy blade stabbed and stabbed. And 9009 saw the red-striped convict's face. The mask had dissolved; the distended nostrils breathed and the eyes blazed joy as the red-barred arm plunged up and down, accurately as if working in a groove, and the red-barred knees crushed the thick neck between them.

The guards' rifles bellowed from the cage overhead. They flashed; their crash filled the long, high room. They crashed again—the red-striped convict and the garroter became a still huddle in the midst of a widening pool on the gray concrete floor.

The looms hummed and purred and the hundred shuttles beat their clacking measure. The striped heap stirred, then was still again. The red-striped convict lay on his back, his knees still gripping the garroter's neck. His upturned face now held no stony mask; its lines had distended in an expression of peace, of great satiety.

Beats of rapid footsteps sounded on the concrete. The machinery came to a stop in a big silence. Smoke wreaths were still hovering overhead as from the lips of an idle smoker; the tang of powder reached 9009's nostrils. Suddenly he realized—realized fully and completely—what had happened. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder, grasping it like a vise, and whirled him around where he stood. He faced the sallow guard with the gray-white eyes; and the guard was half-smiling.

"You dog," said Jennings; "what do you mean by letting a man kill another and saying nothing!" His voice was thick, but his lips showed a sort of satisfaction. 9009 felt anger choke him; he threw back his head and looked square into the lightless eyes; his lips parted in a snarl. And then he thought of his "copper," and swallowed hard, keeping silent.

"You go to the head of the line to-night," ended Jennings, and turned toward the bodies.

Two guards were tearing the legs of the red-striped convict from the garroter's neck. It took two to do it. Another picked up something from the huddle of bodies. It dripped as he raised it. 9009 looked at it keenly. It was long, and heavy at the back. It was a file, a rasp file, sharpened to an edge and a point. Files, then, could be obtained and made into this.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in four parts, of which this is the first.

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MAN TO MAN IN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 12)

equation is its faculty for keeping subordinates interested.

An Ohio machine-works is manned by picked mechanics of four picked nationalities—Americans, Irish, Germans and Scotch. The president of the company wants a hard-hitting factory force in an industry where competition is hot. These men have the energy, and he undertakes to drive it. One of his rules is characteristic: No man is ever discharged for a mistake and no man kept after failing to act in an emergency. Out on the job, all alone, a problem rises. In that case the boss wants his man to feel that he *must* act. If he makes an error, well and good. But he must do *something*.

This executive spends about half his time at the general offices in the East. But every month or two he goes back to the factory and brings it under control. Some work-forces slacken while the boss is away. This one accumulates energy, gets ugly, develops quarrels between the various shops and races. When the president gets back he puts on a pair of overalls and looks into the political situation. The Scotch think the Germans thick, the Irish consider the Scotch stingy, the assembling-room hates the welding-shop because it doesn't send work along fast enough, and next Saturday the moulders are going to lay outside the big fence and punch the heads of the forging-shop gang.

The Spot on the Fence

If the boss has been away only a month these troubles can usually be merged in some simple interest that he creates by a little parlor magic. One time he returned and found things just simmering. The big fence was being painted.

"Charley, how tall a man is that fellow Snider over at the Rival works?" he asked the superintendent. Snider was a competitor who, while not the biggest, was most irritating on account of his tricky methods.

"How tall?" replied the foreman, in wonder. "Why, I guess a man not more than five feet eight."

"Well, you just measure off a space on that fence three feet by six, and leave it bare. Whatever you do, don't let 'em put a drop of paint on it—understand?"

This order was obeyed in astonishment. It got out through the shops. More astonishment. All the feuds were suspended and this bare spot on the newly-painted fence discussed. For two days the wonder grew, until a collective inquiry came up through the superintendent.

"Mr. Taylor, everybody in the works is curious to know why you left that bare spot on the fence."

"Oh, they are, are they! Well, that's where I'm going to nail that fellow Snider's hide some day, and I want every man in the works to help me get it—the sooner the better."

But if the boss has been away two months it may be necessary to work the Aaron's rod trick on a more impressive scale. Tact fails to reconcile the factions. Then the president goes out into the shops with his hair bristling like a wild man's, and springs on to a bench, and waves his fists, and works himself into a towering passion. He jumps up and down, gets apoplectic, curses horribly. By Jehoshaphat! this thing has gone about far enough! Do they think they can bulldoze *him?* By thunder, No! No!! No!!! Either he's going to run the plant, or call a directors' meeting to-morrow morning and wind up the business. Bing! Bang!!

Then all the little racial and departmental quarrels and all the private grudges melt and disappear before the boss' Olympian wrath.

"Aha!" mutter the factions to one another, "see what you done? You *would* keep it going, hey! And now the Old Man's got his mad up."

Factions disintegrate; and the men slink about like a lot of schoolboys. Everybody who has any sort of job that will take him out of sight goes away to do it—and, all the while, the boss is laughing in his sleeve at the effect of the magnificent scare he has thrown into his bullies.

But here, again, comes in temperament. A man might be as big and strong as a steam-hammer, yet not frighten this work-force on its own account. It is on the Old Man's account that the men are frightened, and the supreme catastrophe would be, not losing their jobs, but losing him. It takes months of close, personal relations before such a manœuvre can be effective. This executive says that management is like playing chess—you move your men a year ahead.

Another interesting trait of the personal equation well worth watching is its faculty for putting people under obligations.

Turn a good leader among strangers anywhere. It makes but little difference whether he has to direct or obey them, to associate or work with them. He opens credit accounts, and in time has everybody under some sort of obligation. It may be a moral debt or a financial one. It will be pleasant in some cases, and in others decidedly unpleasant. But know him a month, and you owe him something. If you are bigger than he is, he knows how to work the trick the other way, and lets himself owe *you* something.

A new superintendent took charge of a factory that was full of dissension, factions, grievances. He paid no attention to the Montagues or Capulets, but silently went after Romeo and Juliet. Romeo was in the hands of the loan sharks. He got him out. Juliet's mother needed a week in the country. It was arranged, and a better job found for Juliet's brother. Dozens of small running accounts, without interest, were opened for sympathy, encouragement and so forth. In a month the Capulets and Montagues were warming their coffee on the same radiator.

Off in one corner of the place worked a gnarled, sour, hostile person named Mike, who didn't like the new boss because he was a dude, and who openly said that he'd better not interfere wid him! It took two months to get Mike on the books. The superintendent didn't interfere, but just waited. There came a day when Mike made an unaccountably stupid blunder on some goods, and was told to be less careless. The very next day he made the same blunder again, and was warned a second time. Bad luck runs in cycles. This was Mike's unlucky week, and before it ended he had made the same blunder a third time. Then the boss came down on him in public, and administered, not a scolding or discharge, but a tremendously good-natured chaffing that cut deep, and yet made everybody snicker, even Mike himself. Then the subject was dropped and never referred to again.

Mike Meets an Obligation

One night, a week later, the superintendent sat in the office after everybody had gone home. Suddenly a figure slunk up behind him out of the shadows. It was Mike. His sleeves were rolled up, his fists doubled, his jaw set grimly.

"Mr. Reeder," he began determinedly, "is there anybody around this works you don't like particularly?"

"Anybody I dislike? No—of course not."

"Think it over, sir. There may be somebody, you know."

"Why, there isn't, either. I like you all. What's got into your head, anyway, Mike?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing; but if ever there is anybody that you take a dislike to, will you do me a favor, Mr. Reeder? Will you let me know who it is? Just you let me know."

Mike was ready to meet his obligation with about the only available assets he had—his two fists.

That this faculty for putting people under obligations is more the man than a method, however, is shown in one of Daudet's delightful little sketches, the story of a head clerk in a French Government bureau who, on getting a fine promotion, wrote home to his father, describing his new chief's homely appearance with light-hearted raillery. Next morning, on his desk lay his own letter, initialed by his chief. It had been intercepted by the secret service. The chief allowed him to suffer in apprehension one day, and then told him that his indiscretion should rest between themselves. "Try to make me forget it," he said, and the incident hung like a dagger over the clerk's head.

Some time after, the latter caught one of his own subordinates stealing from the cash-box, and repeated his superior's

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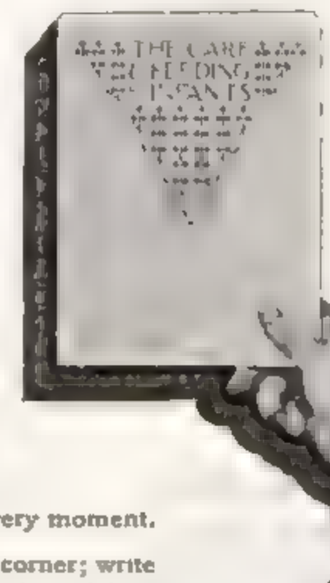
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tactics, even to the formula, "Try to make me forget it." With tears in his eyes the subordinate thanked him for his clemency—and a few days later rifled the safe and fled! The moral of which seems to be that, if the clerk had been enough a judge of men to repeat his chief's method effectively, he would never have fallen into the asininity of writing such a letter.

Those who complain that it is impossible to win the confidence of subordinates might observe the extremely simple fashion in which the man with this Something does the trick—by giving people his own confidence first.

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He has a heartiness and vitality and geniality quite characteristic, or a misanthropy that is hearty, vital and optimistic—geniality inside out. The milk of human kindness sometimes comes in a dry form.

One of the most deceptive counterfeits of the personal equation now in circulation is the Bruiser. Fiction writers invariably pick him to manage contract jobs far from civilization. It matters little that such undertakings are bossed in real life by wiry, red-headed, restless chaps of Irish descent, weighing about one-thirty. Fiction always lets the contract to the Bruiser, who is full of grim resolve, and iron will, and cuss-words, and is beefy, and brawny, and marries the heiress.

One Kind of Confidence Game

The real personal equation doesn't run especially to beef and bark. Shave the Bruiser, trim his nails, and set him down to catch the feeling and politics of a factory, and he would probably go to pieces on one shortcoming alone—his inability to see a joke. The personal equation is often an excellent animal. Give a youngster a college football training, and he will have an animal heartiness that goes far in managing men, together with a strong punch in each fist that may be useful. People who idly wonder what becomes of the college athlete can look him up any day in our shops and factories. But what will serve him far better is the instinct to be square and unselfish that athletics give, and while it may be necessary at times to punch somebody, he will find it more serviceable every day to know how a hard blow hurts, and to be sparing of his punches.

The heartiness of the personal equation is something deeper than good animal spirits. Philosophy, tact, kindliness, sympathy—not beef. With it there often goes a sensitiveness that would make men who possess this Something recluses if they had their own way. They have to retire within themselves periodically to balance the personality books, as it were, and mentally arrange the people they manage.

The personal equation, furthermore, is fairly certain to act first. No matter what its particular mode of attack may be, it is aggressive. It gets the drop on the other fellow.

About ten years ago a young contractor came East seeking construction jobs from big life-insurance companies that were erecting office-buildings in many cities. He had to get into the good graces of insurance officials and architects. Nobody in the East had ever heard of him before. In business relations, the rank of a young contractor is assumed to be distinctly below that of an architect of reputation, while the bearing of an unknown contractor from the West to the life-insurance officials of those days should have been perceptibly deferential.

Out West, where this man came from, it is customary to call people by their Christian names. But New York is in the very heart of the "Mister" country, and for several hundred miles around it the smaller a man may be the less he likes to have his handle left off.

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TRADE AND THE TROLLEY

(Continued from Page 7)

same thing is said to be true of the passenger business. The trolley has compelled the abandonment of some local passenger trains, but any loss that there may be in this has been made up on the longer hauls. The people in the rural districts are getting the travel habit, and the travel habit is something that grows. When the trolley centre becomes an old story there is a longing to go farther afield, which means new business for the steam railroads.

The country merchant is not affected as one would suppose, either. He has had to change his methods or go out of business, but, if able to adapt himself to new conditions, the trolley has given him more than it has taken away. Indeed, it has given much and taken away very little. With respect to this, much depends upon the individual merchant. It has meant a radical change, and some have not been equal to it. The matter of location has been a big factor in the success or failure of individual merchants, just as it is when any line of transportation—urban, suburban or interurban—is built. The merchant who would succeed has often had to move to the point where he can take advantage of the trolley. Then he has had to change his methods, as previously explained. But he has reaped this advantage: he is able to do a larger business on the same capital. The quickness with which he can replenish his stock permits him to buy more intelligently and keep closer to the actual demand of the moment. He thus runs less risk of getting unsalable goods on his shelves; he does not have to figure so far ahead. Buying in smaller quantities, as he needs the goods, his bills are smaller and he is better able to discount them. In brief, "he turns his money over" more rapidly, thus making it work for him more industriously. Then, like his customers, he is more closely in touch with the city, and the demand in the country to-day follows more closely than ever upon what is popular in the city.

A Revolution Among Village Merchants

I do not mean to say that the trolley has not put many country and village merchants out of business. It is revolutionizing trade conditions, and there is no revolution, industrial or social, that does not bring hardships to many, but the final readjustment frequently finds things vastly improved. Lots of these smaller merchants have been closed up, but, for the most part, their business has gone to other country merchants rather than to the city. The farmer and the villager still prefer to deal with the man they know, provided he is wide awake enough to supply their new needs. This was one of the surprises of my trolley trip, for I had expected to find that the trolley centre was getting most of the business direct. It is getting some of it direct, but it is really getting most of it through the country dealers. So the change, except in methods, has not been so great as one would suppose. A rural tradesman that I met in Indianapolis threw some light on this subject.

"I thought the trolley was going to bust me," he said, "for I was a little off the line of it. It did pretty much put our town out of business, but I left the town first. I went to the nearest cross-roads station of the trolley and opened a store there. It wasn't much of a store; I couldn't carry anything like the stock I had formerly carried, but I soon found I didn't need to stock up very heavily. The character of the business was different, too. I had to carry the staples for which there is a steady demand, and I added the trifles that people are likely to buy while waiting, but much that I used to carry I found I could order by telephone as needed and have delivered by trolley. I am doing a bigger business in a smaller store, and I am able to do this on a smaller capital than was previously necessary. Buying more frequently and in smaller quantities, I am now able to buy for cash where I formerly bought on time, so there is economy in the change."

In line with this, a merchant at Rushville, Indiana, reports that he did a business of fifty thousand dollars last year on a capital of ten thousand, and one at Lebanon, Indiana, says his business has more than trebled. He buys from Indianapolis, buys oftener, carries less in stock, and sells more. The trolley brings him patronage that was formerly quite beyond his reach, and the trolley enables him to serve these patrons promptly.

To summarize, the trolley is building up the business of the trolley centres, but the trolley centres get their supplies from the big wholesale centres by steam road. So the steam road gets its share of the new business to compensate it for the short hauls it has lost.

The big wholesale houses doubtless use fewer salesmen in trolley territory, and the salesmen skip many towns that they formerly visited, but the trolley enables them to cover much more ground in a day or a week than was previously possible. It has cut out livery bills and waiting over in idleness for trains. It usually deposits the salesman and his trunks at the door of his hotel, and, when this is not possible, he is pretty sure to find a sample-room in which he can secure space adjoining the trolley station.

Welding the City and Country

Mayor Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, pointed out to me another great advantage that we are deriving from the interurban trolley; it is bringing the country together in a homogeneous whole; it is giving city and country a much better understanding of each other and each other's needs. In any question of patriotism they always have been one, but there has been much conflict between them in other matters. This antagonism has been manifested in State legislatures, when the line on some question has been sharply drawn between the city and the country members. Home rule, according to Mayor Whitlock, is what most cities need, and they can get it only by grace of a legislature that usually has a majority of country members. The country members have heretofore had slight conception of city problems and they have not infrequently denied the city legislation that it sadly needed. The country man is now becoming so familiar with the city that he not only understands its problems better but feels that he has a personal interest in them. The city is becoming his city; and, at the same time, the city man is going oftener into the rural districts and getting a better understanding of the rural point of view.

Mayor Whitlock might have added that what may be termed trolley amusements are doing a great deal in the way of bringing city and country together. For instance, there is one amusement enterprise in Cleveland that is possible only because of the trolley. This place seats from six to eight thousand people, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand people have come in by trolley to see the shows given there. When you put city amusements within reach of the country man you are getting city and country on pretty familiar terms. There can be no doubt that amusements in other trolley centres are similarly affected, although not to the same extent.

Going Afield for Their Fun

Then there are the amusement parks in which both city and country meet on what may be termed neutral ground. The street railroads of the city have long been in the habit of making business by encouraging or establishing outlying amusements that will give patronage to their lines, and the interurban trolley has pushed these farther out, where they will be convenient to their country as well as their city patrons. Look into the matter a little and you will find that almost every road that is in a position to do so has been giving attention to this feature. They are developing the little outing resorts, and they are making them when they have none to develop. For instance, one company is planning an amusement park near Monee, Illinois, and the patronage is expected to come from all points of their line between Chicago and Kankakee. The place was selected with this idea in view. The city man and the country man will there meet on common ground, and the oftener they meet for a common purpose, whether pleasure or business, the sooner will all antagonism disappear, which is quite in line with the advantage that Mr. Whitlock sees in trolley development. Most of the older lines—the Chicago and Southern is a new one—already have their parks or other

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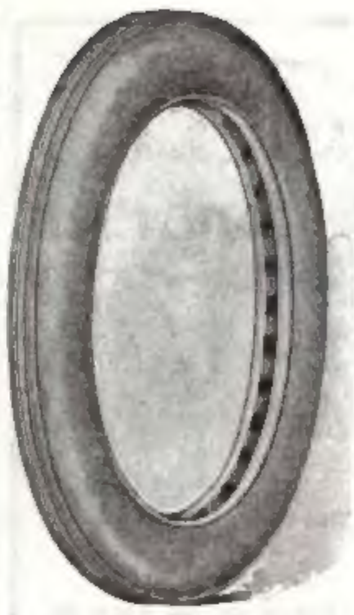
outlying resorts. They were much in evidence in advertising and time-cards during my recent trolley trip from Chicago to New York, and the fact that many of the roads advertised private cars that could be chartered for amusement trips is a further indication of the progress in this direction.

In planning the Chicago-New York trolley trip I gained a pretty good idea of what is being done in the way of trolley building. Every route considered showed gaps that would have to be covered by steam road, but nearly every one of these gaps will be soon filled in by a trolley road already planned and, in many cases, already under construction. Between Chicago and Kalamazoo, Michigan, which seemed to offer the most direct route east, there were three gaps—East Chicago to Indiana Harbor, LaPorte to South Bend, and Niles to Kalamazoo. Roads are already under construction that will fill in the first two gaps, and one to cover the third is planned. When these three are built it will be possible to go from Chicago to Westfield, New York, by way of Kalamazoo, Detroit and Toledo, without using any but trolley transportation. The first two of these gaps also interfered with one plan to go east by way of either Indianapolis or Fort Wayne, and there was a third gap between Warsaw and Peru, Indiana, but the Warsaw-Peru line is also under construction. A third possible route was by way of Kankakee, Illinois, and Lafayette, Indiana, to either Indianapolis or Fort Wayne, from either of which places Westfield, New York, could be reached, but there was a gap between Kankakee and Lafayette. Here again plans have already been made to cover the break, and a Kankakee-Lafayette line is provided for in a Chicago and Southern Traction bond issue. That is going to give the Chicago and Southern direct connection with the Indiana and Ohio systems and make a continuous trip possible from Chicago as far south as Kentucky and as far east as New York State. A few connections in Illinois will also bring St. Louis within trolley reach.

These connecting lines are not of sufficient importance in themselves to receive attention here, and I am mentioning them merely to show how rapidly the missing links are being provided.

Connection between Cleveland and Buffalo (you can now go only as far as Westfield) has been planned. There is already a line from Buffalo to Lockport, and one from Lockport to Rochester is under construction. Indeed, practically all the gaps between Buffalo and Albany are provided for in plans already made, without considering the electrification of the West Shore for the entire distance, so Chicago to Albany should be quite possible within a year or so; but, for reasons I have previously given, I think some of the gaps in New York State will be the last to be eliminated.

As for trolley dining and sleeping cars, of which I have heard a great deal, I do not take much stock in them. The trolley is essentially a short-haul proposition. The passenger who is going to be en route long enough to go to bed will take the steam road in preference to the trolley. There may be conditions on some particular run that will make a sleeper practicable, but, although I have been several times informed that this or that road runs one, investigation has so far invariably proved this to be a mistake. It is much the same with dining-cars. A dining-car service was put on between Dayton and Toledo, a six-hour run, but there was not sufficient patronage to warrant its continuance. There is a golf special leaving Chicago that carries a dining-car, and I have no doubt there are similar specials elsewhere that do the same thing, but that is an exceptional arrangement to meet unusual conditions. The special carries business men to the golf links just about the luncheon hour, and its patronage is fairly regular and assured. It is no criterion of general conditions. The trolley, I repeat, is merely a local distributing agency for passengers and freight, and the mere fact that it makes long runs and many connections does not change that fact. The more towns and cities it connects, the better its business will be, for it will carry more passengers, freight and baggage from town to town, but it will still carry but few from terminal to terminal.



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Read what one hundred dollars did for one small-salaried man. He was a clerk in a big corporation office and had worked for six years without getting a dollar ahead. In fact, he said on one occasion: "There never was a moment in those first years when I was not in debt for my week's pay before it was earned."

One day he received from his chief a scathing lecture for some poor work, and the terms used were such as to show him that he was considered of no value to himself or to any one. He was told that he was just a poor ten-dollar man, and would never be anything else. Bitterly mortified and humiliated, he was unable to assert himself by an immediate resignation. He hadn't a dollar ahead—indeed, he was owing for a week's board and several other small debts. In his disgust at himself he formed the resolution to get his feet upon solid ground. He clung to every cent of his wages with a pertinacity as determined as his former improvidence had been. It was springtime, and he rented a small camp in some woods two miles from the works, where he cooked his own meals at an expense which did not average one dollar per week. At the end of the summer he was one hundred dollars ahead, and had a chance, by paying that sum down, to purchase a neat cottage on the outskirts. Small cottages were exceedingly scarce in that factory town, and he easily found a young couple as tenants for his house, who agreed to board him for the rent. This was equivalent to $22 per month for a cottage which he had bought for $1700.

Four years later he had cleared his title, sold his cottage for $2100 and, getting married himself, paid that amount toward a $3400 two-tenement house. In addition to this excellent financial start he had gained the respect of his fellow-clerks and his chief and won a promotion which, under his old course, would undoubtedly have gone to some one else.

The other case: an old railroad clerk once informed his chief that he was going to stop work and live upon his savings. The chief was somewhat surprised, since the salary had never been higher than sixteen dollars a week, and a family had been raised.

"Have you got enough?" he inquired.

"Well," answered the old pen-driver with a laugh, "I guess I can worry through. I've got rents coming in that total up to over $250 a month.

"It began twenty-six years ago, when I was married. I was getting twelve dollars a week then, and both my wife and I saw mighty little show for ever owning a home, but we put a dollar each week into a bank. In four years we'd got $200, and then my chance came. Out near Sixteenth Street the railroad company had decided to double the tracks, and had to buy an extra strip of land. There were a few houses to be torn down or moved, and I got a fairly good six-roomed cottage for $150. I bought a nearby lot for $600, on which I paid $25, and got my house moved and set on cedar posts for the balance of my cash and another hundred, which I borrowed. When I moved in I owed just $675 on a cottage much better than the one I had been paying $18 a month for. It didn't take long to clear that, and then I repeated the operation when I had the chance, sometimes borrowing a little on mortgage to carry the trade through. There are always houses to be moved in this town. Now I own twelve—large and small."

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The Boy Who Captured The Atlantic Squadron

WARNER TYLER

WARNER TYLER, an eight-year-old boy in Santa Barbara, California, is THE POST's star salesman. After outselling every other POST boy in the United States and winning two Shetland pony outfits in succession, thereby breaking all other boys' records, he cast about for some way to break his own.

The great Atlantic Squadron, with its crews of several thousand men, was scheduled for a five-days' stop at Santa Barbara, and none of those who took part in the big celebration entered into the event more enthusiastically nor planned greater things than he, for, not contented with the Shetland ponies, he was working for an automobile, the first prize in another contest.

A week or two before the arrival of the fleet Warner sent a letter to Admiral Evans, then at Magdalena Bay, telling of his work for THE POST and enclosing his picture. Enclosed with this were similar letters addressed to the Commanders of the entire fleet and accompanying each was a blank for signatures headed as follows:

"Say, boys, wouldn't you be glad to help a lad like me win an automobile for which I've been working since last July?

Well, you can, and at the same time get your money's worth in good reading matter. Just send me your orders for the March 28th and April 4th issues of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and the money (giving name and name of ship) and I will come aboard and deliver the magazines when you reach here; or, give your name and 10 cents to some one aboard and have him order copies for each of you that wish them.

I was ahead in this contest up to January 30th, but then a boy in Nebraska got ahead of me and since then I've been behind. I will lose unless I can sell 2000 or 3000 a week for the balance of the time.

I'm only eight years old, but I've worked awful hard for that auto since July and hate to lose it now. I have only till April 25th to work and have to hustle. Please let me have your orders right away, as I have to order my magazines 3 weeks in advance.

WARNER TYLER, Santa Barbara, California."

HIS SATURDAY EVENING POST PONIES

Back came a characteristically kind letter from "Fighting Bob," promising to do as he was requested, and enclosing a long list of signatures from men on the Vermont, each of whom wanted copies. This was followed by a list almost as long from the crew of the New Jersey, and lists from every other ship followed.

When the big ships arrived in the harbor, Warner was there, with a gasoline launch loaded up with copies of THE POST until it looked like some new sort of war craft. Stretched across the launch were two banners, one reading "Where are the ships our ships have met?" (the title of a poem in the current issue) and the other "We are glad you are here, boys—shake. Warner Tyler." In the bow stood Warner in regulation "Jackie" suit.

ONE OF THE BOOTHS AND ITS SUPPLY OF THE POST

ON BOARD THE FLAG SHIP

As he circled around the ships in succession the tars cheered him loudly. When he reached the flag ship he went aboard and, as a gentleman from Santa Barbara wrote, "He was certainly 'It,' with a capital I." They decorated him with ribbons bearing the name of the ship, gave him all sorts of souvenirs and wound up by asking him to remain on board as a "mascot"; but Warner had other business on hand and, after leaving copies for all the men who had ordered, got aboard his launch again and started on his cruise among the other ships in the harbor.

On the two succeeding days he visited each ship in turn and on each received attention that would have turned the head of a less sensible boy. Had he been willing to do so he would have had many dollars in extra "tips" from the men, but Warner is not that kind of a boy.

The men who came ashore, as well as the visitors, had the opportunity of purchasing copies from any one of several attractive booths which Warner had erected along the beach front.

When the fleet sailed away and Warner "took account of stock" he found that every one of the more than 10,000 copies which he had ordered had been disposed of, and that he had such a collection of parrots, monkeys and curious souvenirs from foreign lands as perhaps no other American boy ever possessed, as well as a fund of happy memories which it is hoped he may live to tell to a future generation. A few weeks later, when the records were made up, it was found that Warner had won the automobile.

Every boy cannot visit the war fleet, but any boy with "ginger" enough to play a game of baseball can be just as successful and earn as much spending money as have all the thousands of other boys now selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A book, entitled "Boys Who Have Push," written by some of the boys themselves, tells how they made successes and how they received a business training which will be of inestimable value in later life.

No money is required to start. To any boy who wants to try it we will send entirely without charge 10 copies of the next issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. These are sold for five cents each and the entire proceeds belong to you. After that all you want at the wholesale price. In addition to the profit on each copy sold you receive a lot of premiums—just the sort of things that most boys want.

By sending a postal card you will receive next week's supply of 10 copies and everything necessary to start at once, including the book, Boys Who Have Push.

Boy Division

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TRISCUIT, the Shredded Wheat wafer, is the favorite "ration" of the soldier, the sailor, the camper, the fisherman, for all sorts of journeys and expeditions, for any one who needs a sustaining food in compact form. The good ship "Roosevelt," which left the port of New York on Monday, July 6th, and in which Commander R. W. Peary hopes to reach the North Pole, was provisioned with four hundred and fifty boxes of TRISCUIT.

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